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Rosario and Antonio

May 1950 1/-

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Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS

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MERSEY HOUSE, 132-4, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

THERE is no escaping the fact—I like grandeur. Tired am I of looking at hovels and slums; such places sit self-consciously within the proscenium arch. Both our lives and ballet have lacked grandeur far too long. Balanchine's *Ballet Imperial* might well have been designed for the great Renaissance Courts and it looks good at Covent Garden. Therefore Wednesday, April 5, was a great night for me and I hope it was also a great night for everyone else under that august roof.

The dancers, too, seemed conscious of the occasion. They danced the great master-choreographer's complicated and beautiful patterns with distinction. In a work of this sort everyone has to be a ballerina and a *premier danseur*. There are no half-measures.

Tchaikovsky's second piano concerto is not a great musical work. It is a piece of *bravura* more suitable for ballet than the concert hall. In this particular case the choreographer has added to its musicality.

There are a number of critics who damned the whole work with faint praise or, in some cases, just damned it. Such an attitude is completely beyond me. Make no mistake about it, *Ballet Imperial* is a great work and it is an honour to have it in the repertoire. In the world today there is no dancer, choreographer, or member of the audience who will not profit from it if he can look at it with intelligent eyes.

★

ON Friday, March 17, Violetta Elvin danced the first and second acts of *Swan Lake* at Covent Garden to a house a little more than half full. By the third act the news got round that something remarkable was happening and the house in some miraculous way became almost full. On Thursday, March 23, she again danced this role but this time to a theatre filled to capacity.

Her Odette has not, and could not, yet reach full maturity, but she shows more promise than any dancer I can remember at this stage in her career. From the moment she comes on in the second act it is possible to feel that *frisson* in the spine that only occurs when confronted with greatness. There have been Odettes we can admire and marvel at, but few that can make us so much a part of the performance as this. Her miraculously fluid arms (they appear to have no bone) make the swan-metamorphosis completely plausible. Her personality fills the stage so that it is impossible to take your eyes off her.

The evil of Odile in Act 3 is well conveyed and this "black circus" becomes dramatically, as well as technically exciting. At last we are happy to say that we have a ballerina to replace Fonteyn should it ever be necessary.

★

WHY should the simple statement that Fonteyn and Helpmann are to do a provincial concert tour have caused such a stirring in the dovecotes, such a riding of broomsticks and a brewing of midnight mess? Judging by the incessant ringing of telephones and the constant scurrying to the pillar box, one would think the whole business had been organised by the postmaster-general.

For some time, our provincial cities have had a grouse and this is emphasised by my morning mail bag. They all want to know when they are to see the Sadler's Wells Ballet. They complain that they pay taxes the same as everyone else but only London and America have a chance to view this wonder. Now that a dove has flown from the Ark, admittedly not guided by the master hand but bravely of its own accord, it should be some small consolation for not seeing the rest of the menagerie.

Next month : In Dance and Dancers for June

Cover of Markova and Dolin in full colour; photo-supplement of new ballets: ILLUMINATIONS and THE AGE OF ANXIETY

Five angles on Balanchine's BALLET IMPERIAL together with many photographs.

THE RETURN OF SALLY GILMOUR ; COSTUME AND THE DANCER ; TWO GISELLES AT THE PARIS OPERA ; STORM IN NEW YORK ; THE DANCES OF SPAIN ; FULL PAGE PHOTOGRAPH of the dancer of the month—BERYL GREY and all the usual features

Cover Story

Roger Wood's cover photograph shows Rosario and Antonio, the two Spanish dancers. Although they are famous all over the world, it was not until March this year that they first appeared in England. They gave a television programme. They are giving several performances during the last week of the Edinburgh Festival this year. It is hoped that before or after that they will give a season in London. This photograph was specially taken for DANCE AND DANCERS at Alexandra Palace.

These two dancers are cousins and were born in Seville about twenty-eight years ago. Their full names are Rosario Perez and Antonio Ruiz. They were taught by the great teacher of Spanish dancing, Manuel Real (known by his stage name of Realito). He used to take them to dance at the booths set up along the boulevards at fair time during the weeks after Holy Week. It was here that they began to become famous, though they first performed in public at the Liege Exhibition in 1928. Since then they have always danced as a team. They went to America during the Spanish Civil War and remained there for many years where they always had a great success giving recitals, appearing in night clubs, and films.

In 1941 they were in the film *Ziegfield Girl* and later in *Hollywood Canteen*. In 1948 they returned to Spain where they had a remarkable triumph. All the more remarkable as Spanish dancers who leave their native country for several years, particularly to go to America, are looked on with the greatest suspicion by all Spaniards. It is generally thought that away from Spain the style of a dancer becomes cheapened and this is usually the case. However, they overcame all these prejudices and Antonio is considered to be the greatest male Spanish dancer. They cause a sensation wherever they appear. In the immediate future they are to make some more films in Spain as well as giving seasons in various European cities.

Contributors

CARYL BRAHMS is too well known to readers of *Dance and Dancers* to need further introduction. Novelist and ballet critic, she has seen ballet since the Diaghilev company appeared in London during the twenties. She is dissatisfied with what she sees and explains her reasons (page 8).

ELSA BRUNELLESCHI is one of the foremost teachers of Spanish dancing in this country and also one of the greatest authorities on that extremely popular but little understood art. She contributes (page 16) the first of two articles on how to look at the Dances of Spain.

EVAN SENIOR, our music critic, is an Australian working in this country. He writes (page 12) about the Arrangement of Music for ballet, about the score of Daphnis and Chloe recently heard in full at a concert, and this month's composer—Chabrier.

TATLOCK MILLER is also a regular contributor to these pages and writes about a fellow Australian—Robert Helpmann (page 10).

CLIVE BARNES is the secretary of the Oxford University Ballet Club, he is also the editor of *Arabesque*, the paper that is published by that club. His first contribution to this paper is the story of Violetta Elvin (page 6).

ALMA HUBNER is a Chilian and wife of a Chilian poet. She now lives in Paris and contributes articles on the Dance to many American papers. She writes about the new school that Katherine Dunham is opening in Paris (page 19).

Vaslav Fomich Nijinsky

Nijinsky in Narcisse

ON the Saturday before Easter, April 8, 1950, Nijinsky died in London at the London Clinic.

It is almost fifty years since this boy, born in 1890 at Kiev in South Russia, went to St. Petersburg to enter the Imperial School of Ballet. He was then ten years old. His first teachers were Nicholas Legat and Obukhov. At the age of eighteen he gave his first public performance as one of the dancers in Mozart's opera, *Don Giovanni*. From then, he was given increasingly important roles and he partnered Kshcsinskaya. He also began to study with the Italian *maestro*, Enrico Cecchetti.

At this time he met another young Russian from Perm, also in South Russia, who was making plans to bring the art of his country to Western Europe. This was Sergei Pavlovitch Diaghilev. When this plan crystallised in the form of the Russian Ballet, Nijinsky became the principal dancer. Had there not been such wonderful interpreters of the ballet during those formative years—Pavlova, Karsavina, Nijinsky—it is doubtful whether ballet would be as popular as it is today.

As well as dancing the classics, Nijinsky had many roles created for him, mainly by Michel Fokine. These included the Slave in *Pavilion D'Armide* (1907); the Poet in *Les Sylphides* (1909); Harlequin in *Carnaval* (1910); the Gold Slave in *Schéhérazade* (1910); *Spectre de la Rose* (1911); *Petrouchka* (1911); Daphnis in *Daphnis and Chloë* (1912).

In 1912 he became interested in choreography and created for himself the role of the Faun in *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*. In 1913 he made *Jeux* and *Le Sacre du Printemps*. The revolutionary ideas of the latter caused a near riot at the first performance and the work was only given six times.

During the same year, 1913, the company went to South America. Diaghilev remained behind at the last moment owing to his fear of the sea. On the voyage, Nijinsky married one of the dancers in the company. On hearing the news Diaghilev promptly dismissed him. And although he did dance for a short New York season during the war, he was never re-instated. His only other creation was *Tyl Eulenspiegel* which had a few performances in the United States.

After a coast-to-coast tour and later in South America, Nijinsky and his wife returned to Europe and settled in Switzerland. He started to develop strange moods and his mind was found to have become unhinged. The outside world knew him no more as a dancer.

There are not many people left in the world today who can remember him at his height—a few dancers, a few writers, a few members of the audience who were lucky enough to see one or two performances. Even their memory has become dimmed with the years. Yet Nijinsky lives on in the minds of everyone as the pinnacle of male dancing.

A writer, composer, or painter can die and his work become immortal and understood with greater appreciation as time clothes it with majesty. But what is left by the dancer? Some fading photographs, a shoe, a dilapidated wreath, a few bits of stage jewellery, a legend.

The names of most dancers become symbolised by one particular role—a Swan, a Sylphide, a Butterfly. But Nijinsky was lucky; he had many roles. He will always be the rose dropped from the tired hand of a sentimental debutante; a gilded slave steaming with animal lust; a rag and sawdust puppet striving for a soul; a poet searching for inspiration in romantic moonlight; a faun in the eroticism of a classical afternoon; the eternal naughty boy at a party or in a medieval market town. All these characters we like to conjure up when we think of him and it should be his greatest memorial.

Let us try to think of him in the full glory of his youth when he appeared like a young god on a fleeting visit to earth. Let us obliterate all stories of the time after the veil fell—these are nothing to do with a dancer or the art of dancing. They are part of a domestic tragedy that concerns us not. Let us pay no further heed to photographs of a pathetic and ageing man. Let us only think of him as what he stands for—a dancer with a wonderful elevation, a sense of character and the theatre which made his every role a genuine creation.

Nijinsky when he first went to Marynsky Theatre, St. Petersburg

Nijinsky as the Rose in Fokine's Le Spectre de la Rose

the guest artist has stayed

By CLIVE BARNES

THE year 1946 was an unusually important one for English Ballet, as not only did it mark the entry of Sadler's Wells into the gilded land of plush seats and striped wallpaper, but for the first time since 1939 the ballet public, whose size had so increased during the war, was able to welcome foreign companies to London. However, the first of our visitors that year, Violetta Elvin, came not as a member of a company but as Guest Artist with our own National Ballet.

Elvin, born in Russia, finished her training at the Bolshoi Theatre School, Moscow, just as Germany attacked the Soviet Union. A pupil of exceptional promise, she was immediately taken into the Bolshoi Theatre Company, but being separated by war evacuation she danced first at Tashkent. There she danced Odette-Odile in the full length *Swan Lake* and appeared in the part, made famous by Ulanova, of Maria in Zakharov's *The Fountain of Bakhchisarai*. Being recalled to the Bolshoi Theatre Company she gained the unusual distinction of starting as a soloist without first passing through the *corps de ballet*.

Soon after the company's return to Moscow from Kuibyshev, where it had been evacuated, she met Harold Elvin, an official attached to the British Embassy, and they were married in 1944. For a time she continued at the Bolshoi, dancing such parts as the Fairy Variations and one of Florestan's sisters in *The Sleeping Beauty*. Then she left to join a smaller, more experimental company at the Stanislavsky Theatre. At the end of 1945 she left Russia and came to England with her husband. On the February 21, 1946, the night after Covent Garden re-opened, she made her first appearance in this country. Appearing under her maiden name of Prokhorova she danced *Bluebird* partnered by Harold Turner.

Violetta Elvin as the Miller's Wife in Massine's Le Tricorne

It would be difficult to say what most impressed that first audience—her easy command of the large stage, her lithe, restrained strength or her graceful, undulating arm-movements. She soon became a regular member of the company and by the next season was dancing under the name of Violetta Elvin. It would be wrong to imagine that at first she was greeted with great universal acclamation.

The Sadler's Wells' audience, with its hard core of regulars, never seems to take kindly to newcomers. Their justifiable loyalty, that side of idolatry, to dancers they have cheered to stardom out of the *corps de ballet* leads many of them almost to resent new faces. Elvin's first real taste of popular success was to come when she danced the Miller's Wife in *The Three Cornered Hat*, where her vivacity and sense of style made her a worthy partner to Massine.

To the role of Aurora she has brought beauty and her own inimitable style. However, her performances have been so rare that she has not yet had the opportunity to add that polish and authority needed for a great interpretation. The ballerina role she has danced most frequently is Cinderella and, as one would expect, it is now a most finished performance. In complete sympathy with the choreographer's conception she gives a portrayal full of warmth and never confuses pathos with sentimentality. In spite of this success, her most considerable achievement to date has been her appearances this season as Odette-Odile. Her gentle, regal Odette, so completely swan-like, and her steely-brilliant Odile have proved a revelation to even her staunchest admirers.

The two fundamental qualities a ballerina must possess are a highly developed sense of stage-projection and an ability to give a personal interpretation of any role, one in which her own artistry is superimposed upon the blank choreographic notation. This last is natural to Elvin and her powers of stage-projection and personal magnetism have developed this season almost from performance to performance.

As a ballerina she has many merits: lovely arms, a fine head carriage, good timing, a remarkable control, a gift for investing all her movements with purpose and, perhaps most important of all, complete sincerity towards her work. Her classical style, pure but not in the tasteless manner of distilled water, never shows a trace of any affectation. When she has had the time to perfect and polish her Aurora and Odette-Odile and when she has gained that complete confidence which can only come with experience, then she may establish herself as a great ballerina. I hope and believe she will.

ELVIN'S ROLES IN THIS COUNTRY

La Bolero in *Les Sirenes*.
White Skater in *Les Patineurs*.
La Morte Amoureuse in *Don Juan*.
The Betrayed Girl in *The Rake's Progress*.
The Black Queen in *Checkmate*.
The Lady Dulcinea in *Don Quixote*.
The Miller's Wife in *The Three Cornered Hat*.
The Cossack Girl in *La Boutique Fantasque*.
The Pirate in *Mam'zelle Angot*.
The Mandarin's Wife in *Clock Symphony*.
Columbine in *Carnaval*.
Cinderella and Fairy Summer in *Cinderella*.
Aurora and the Betrothal Dance in *Coppelia*.
Aurora, Bluebird and Fairy of the Crystal Fountain in *The Sleeping Beauty*.
Odette-Odile, *pas de trois*, Cygnet, Leading Swan and Czardas in *Swan Lake*.

(*Photo: Duncan Melvin*)

VIOLETTA ELVIN
in Lac des Cygnes

Curtain Up!

ON Thursday, March 30, MARIE RAMBERT and her husband Ashley Dukes gave a party at the Mercury Theatre to welcome back the company from their very successful German tour. The bar, studio and theatre was thrown open and the whole evening had an informality that was charming. The tiny stage was hung with blue velvet tabs and lit with soft lighting so that many of the older generation could sit and contemplate their past triumphs and wonder at how much was achieved in such a small space. The air was full of reminiscence. Madame Rambert recalled how at one of the children's matinees it was announced that they would give *Florentine Picture* and *L'Apres-midi d'un Faun*. As the curtain went up on *Florentine Picture*, with Madame Rambert looking very beatific as the Madonna a small and clear voice was heard to say, "Mummy, is that the Faun?"

Among other stories, FREDERICK ASHTON told of how he nearly went on as a cricketer in Susan Salaman's sporting ballet, *Le Cricket*. It seems that Walter Gore had overslept and did not turn up at the theatre, so Ashton had to don the unaccustomed garb of a cricketer. However, Gore finally turned up at the last moment and the world was robbed of what might have been a very curious performance.

MAUD LLOYD recalled how her skirt went up with the curtain in *Cinderella*.

During the evening Mewton Wood, the pianist, played Chopin and Schumann in exchange for three cartwheels from Madame Rambert (in the end she did many more). It was just one of those evenings that can somehow only happen under the influence of Mercury.

★

Poor MOIRA SHEARER is in trouble. She had saved up for many years to buy a house and not long after her engagement she found the perfect mews house. She had it all beautifully decorated and planned to move into it after her honeymoon. She and her husband Ludovic Kennedy hastened back from their short honeymoon in the South of France in order to enjoy their new acquisition. The morning after their return they heard a very strange noise and to their horror found they were living next to a Drumming School! The drumming is not the right rhythm for Kennedy to write the book he is working on.

★

MARY DRAGE, eighteen-year-old dancer from the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, declined to give her autograph at the *Sporting Record* "Sportsman of the Year" reception at the Savoy Hotel.

Half the people there were hunting the others for autographs but Mary, blonde and attractive, was evidently mistaken for a film star. "I am just a dancer," she murmured declining all requests for her signature.

She was on strange ground until she sipped a drink with Maureen Gardner, the Olympic athlete, who first trained as a dancer before she discovered that she could run faster than most women. Maureen confided to Mary that she would have preferred to remain a dancer.

★

Back again on our favourite subject, ballet mothers. We hear that one famous ballet mother who gives classes is rapidly gaining a reputation for confusing her students by telling them to "*plié* but don't bend your knees". She also describes the *pas de chat* as a "pussy-cat scratch".

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN, impresario of the New York City Ballet, has been in London signing the contract for his company to appear at Covent Garden. He has been staying with Richard Buckle, Editor of *Ballet*. Before leaving New York Kirstein was stated to have declared that he wanted to meet three people in England—Sir Osbert Sitwell, E. M. Forster and Richard Buckle.

★

RUDOLPH VALENTINO who exhibited all the grace of a ballet dancer in the film *Monsieur Beaucaire* (recently revived by the London Film Society at the Scala Theatre) while dancing a minuet, never had a ballet lesson in his life.

★

ARGENTINA, famed Spanish dancer, whose real name was Antonia Mercé, was thoroughly trained in ballet from the age of four until she was fourteen.

Marie Rambert with Paula Hinton dressed for Bar aux Folies-Bergére, *taken backstage when the company were at Bonn, during their recent tour in Germany* (*Photo: Franz Engels*)

It is not often that dancers as a whole show much humility but the other day a dancer who has had a considerable success and has been dancing with well-known companies for over five years was heard to say, "It is only in the past few weeks that I am at all satisfied with my work and consider myself good enough to have the right to appear on a stage." It is a comfort to think that some dancers realise how much the audience have to suffer.

★

JANE LAOUST is worried. This French dancer was invited to join the Imperial Ballet as ballerina but since then she has heard nothing. Several other people are also wondering about the future plans of this company.

★

THEODORA ROOSEVELT, granddaughter of Teddy Roosevelt, who danced in the Marquis de Cuevas' Ballet International in New York (Autumn 1944) has written a book called *Meg*. Theodora is married to designer Tom Keogh (*Til Eulenspeigel*, *Don Quixote* for the Ballets des Champs-Elysées) and lives in Paris.

★

WILLIAM CHAPPELL'S arrangement of the tango for two actors in *Ring Around the Moon* has a strong Facadian aroma.

★

We are frequently being asked by readers, "What has happened to the LONDON ARCHIVES of the DANCE?" Many people subscribe annually and a large collection of valuable and interesting material has been acquired. So far nobody has seen the collection or been able to make use of it. The answer is that until suitable and reasonable accommodation can be found, the collection will remain in store in order to stop the damp destroying the rare books and manuscripts. Meanwhile, if any material is known to be in the collection and is definitely wanted, it can always be rescued from the depository if due notice is given. All information can be obtained from Miss Barbara Sullivan, Secretary of the London Archives of the Dance, 5 Montana Road, Wimbledon, S.W. 20. If anyone knows of a dry and reasonably priced store room they would be doing a great service to the dance.

★

Ballet played a large part in the festivities in connection with the coronation of Prince Rainier III of Monaco. For the production of the dances from *Prince Igor*, 800 tents were arranged on the hillside. So as to give the right atmosphere of the steppes of Tartary, the British Navy were called in to put up a smoke-screen. Unfortunately in their zeal the smoke was so intense that the ballet could hardly be seen. A more popular move than might have been imagined as the Monagasques were getting rather weary of Gala ballet performances.

★

Unsolicited Testimonial

Scene: The platform of Woolwich Arsenal Station at about 10.30 on a cold evening. World-famous dancer ANTON DOLIN is surrounded by members of his company.

Dolin: "I see Peter Williams isn't here tonight. I suppose he is at home writing rude things about us all."

After a slight pause one of the dancers timidly pipes up, "But I think it is a very good magazine."

Second dancer: "And it's so colourful."

Third dancer: "It's so chatty."

Fourth dancer: "And above all, it's so cheap."

★

Miss Margot Fonteyn
Said, "Cinderella *again*.
It is a bit thick,
How I long for the Vic."

Miss Ninette de V.
Said, "Oh, dearie me,
The strain of it tells.
How I long for the Wells."

CARYL BRAHMS IS

Discontented with the divine

Caryl Brahms has a grouse and the spring of the year is the best time for her to air views which are not necessarily our views. In fact with many of her utterances we disagree heartily but we like to encourage argument; it is healthy. And she is voicing opinions that have been at the back of many minds for years.

WHAT is wrong with the Ballet these days? Or what is wrong with me?

Why have I felt, of late, that co-ordination of dancer, choreographer, composer and designer, has achieved no total, no ultimate gesture?

What has stripped the ballet, for me at least, of that wonder and wild excitement that was wont to send one walking through the night, because only the open sky could contain one's elation?

Has my attitude to my ballet going become altogether too casual, or does the heart of the trouble lie in the casual attitude of the ballet towards its audiences?

Has too much ballet going made me bored with the beloved or is it quite simply that the ballet no longer follows the detailed formula for perfection? A formula that once lost must be forever lost? A formula that was followed by Fokine, Benois and Stravinsky (working for an unrelenting perfectionist, Diaghilev), each one of whom was a master at his task and in his time. . . .

. . . In his time. . . . Is it, then, that time is as cruel to the creator as it is to the interpreter? As unremittingly destructive to the dance as to the dancer?

Or can it be that, with Falstaff, I grow old, I grow old!

BALLET CAME ONCE A YEAR

My taste in Ballet Russe was formed by following that of an unrivalled master, in the days when a hundred pounds was a hundred pounds, and the ballet came but once a year.

But though in the middle twenties Diaghilev's work was already on its wane, we still greeted his seasons with high expectancy. Indeed the arrival of the Diaghilev Ballet gave me the same deliciously breath-taking sensation as the dimming of the lights before the rise of the curtain on a new opera by Benjamin Britten, or a new play by Christopher Fry.

Then, for six weeks, the Ballet Russe touched my whole world to life. Its music was my music; its dancers, my dancers. And when, all too soon, it left for Paris, for Barcelona or Monte Carlo, I was desolate indeed.

For among the bad new works Diaghilev brought us, there would always be some good old works—*Petroushka, Carnaval, Sylphides.* And with luck there might even be a good new ballet—*Tricorne, Boutique Fantasque, Femmes de Bonnes Humeurs, Matelots* or *Biches.*

But, you object, they give these ballets even now, and they fall apart like dried leaves, faded, *demodé.* Ah, but how do they give them, these bright new dancers in these brave old ballets?

Petroushka has been revived twice in this country since the last war. Ballet Theatre, that passing excellent band of friendly American artists, gave it one of their cheerful, casual performances, so right for *Fancy Free* and *Interplay*, so wrong for Fokine and Stravinsky, which, while it shook out the mothballs from its period folds, completely failed to weep with its sad Russian soul.

Only a few weeks later, Massine and Idzikovski lovingly and faithfully revived it for *A Bullet In the Ballet*, and for a time it was trailed around the provinces as a part of a clumsily constructed stage-thriller. But though, had it been less clumsily achieved, it would have been an amusing enough way to re-encounter the dear old work, it was no way at all for the post-war ballet goer to make its acquaintance.

CHEERFUL MISHANDLING OF CARNAVAL

A spirited *Carnaval* was danced, a few years back, by Tarakanova and Turner for the International Ballet, but currently this nostalgic charade is being mishandled with the greatest possible enthusiasm and the utmost cheerfulness by the student-artists out at darkest Sadler's Wells.

And *Sylphides*, that sigh expressed in choreography, has had the soul drilled out of it, or dragooned into it, by pretty well every company in sight.

Tricorne has been revived for the Wells at Covent Garden and our national ballet dances it with all the refined abandon of a Buckhurst Hill Bachanalia, but not even the Covent Garden orchestra can quite kill the magnificent vitality of de Falla's score; and time has served only to emphasise the fun of Picasso's decorations, in spite of the flatness of the lighting.

Les Femmes de Bonnes Humeurs has been half forgotten by the original Ballet Russes. It has also been either only half-remembered, or else very much modified by Massine for the Grand Ballets de Monte Carlo. *Les Matelots* has passed for the time being from ballet repertory.

Boutique Fantasque is in the repertory of the Wells, who give it with a ghastly non-comprehending gaiety. And all that remains of the naughty nostalgia of *Les Biches* is a chic little period score by Poulenc and a wide-eyed use of blues and pinks in the Marie Laurencin set, in the revival which is danced so beautifully by Marjorie Tallchief and Skibine and got through somehow by the rest of the company for the Grand Ballets de Monte Carlo.

Sadly I conclude that a generation of dancers has arisen that knows not how to interpret Fokine and Massine. They are more lost to us than Petipa, Ivanov and Coralli.

But what of the new works? And what too of the new artists who were born to dance them?

What indeed?

Never, for me, at any rate, the work, the attention to detail, and the right dancer at the same time—or almost never.

At Covent Garden, for instance, we see the great classics, carefully if not faithfully, revived, fit frame for a *ballerina assoluta.* But Fonteyn, though a wonderfully accomplished ballerina, still lacks some final authority, some weight of utterance, some generosity—some grandeur of the soul. And the other soloists fall far below her level of accomplishment.

Moira Shearer found herself for a brief, a triumphant season. But brilliance has now become to her an end and not a means. And the joy and radiance that was so much a part of her dance, is temporarily, we will hope, from home. Beryl Grey is nearing the height of her powers—but these powers though brilliantly adequate for a soloist are not quite sufficient for the full statement of the prima ballerina.

Violetta Elvin has just emerged, as I write, as Swan Princess par excellence—giving a performance of such feeling, aristocracy and stylishness, that beside it even Fonteyn appears a trifle over-flashing. But Elvin is slow to develop and it will be at least two years, and possibly longer, before she emerges as that which, for two years, now, I have been saying she will be—the last of the prima ballerinas as I have known the kind.

So we have, at the Wells the ballet with discipline and dignity led by a ballerina of distinction.

We also have a number of soloists of technical proficiency and no personality. A *corps de ballet* that is growing increasingly careless, and not enough good male dancers of the type of Alexander Grant and Michael Somes; though here, I would remind the reader, that our male dancers are inclined to late development.

We also have a seemingly unending trail of conductors who are innocent of the expediency of ballet accompaniment.

But apart from these blemishes, and an unfortunate impression of smugness, our world-wide Wells is a very fine company indeed.

SHODDIEST WORKS EVER TRUNDLED

The two French companies, as one would expect, show great taste and charm both in ballets and in dancers. But both these small companies are sloppy, the Champs-Elysées because Petit, their founder-choreographer has left them, and the Ballets de Paris because Petit is no administrator—he is a creator of a quite unique power of perception and projection. So the two little companies topple around, each with its load of genius, and not a disciplinarian in sight.

The Cuevas Company has some fine dancers —Skibine, Eglevsky, and Hightower prominent among them. It engages guest-artists of great lustre. Toumanova and Massine have appeared with the company. But it has a collection of the shoddiest works ever trundled around the world.

As to the original Ballets Russes, here we have fabulous works worn to tatters and no dancers with the necessary stature to revive their glory.

We have, of course, Markova and Dolin. But here to me I find almost the saddest spectacle of all; for if ever there were dancers who are responsive to their framing it is the Archduke and Grand Duchess of the Ballet Anglais, but instead of a glittering company and the vast resources of an established theatre, these two exponents of the grand manner are exercising it in arenas and cinemas.

And alas! that the Ballet Rambert, originator of the experimental ballet in this country, has scarcely the human material with which to experiment.

Yes, the scene, as I look at it, is depressing. But is it a slight case of Ichabod? Or is it just the Spring?

HELPMANN

Chameleon of the theatre

By TATLOCK MILLER

THIS Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, Prince Charming, White Devil, Don Quixote—Ugly Sister as well—with a crew cut, relaxing easily in a red, blue, and white striped sweater, was Robert Helpmann, the chameleon of our theatre. He was at home. The room was full of his presence, as a stage always is when he is on it.

Helpmann has been called a theatrical miracle. To become one of the best-known dancers of his day and age without the strongest of techniques, to create and choreograph a mute Hamlet, a spoken Comus, a mimed Christ; to turn actor and play Hamlet, film star and play the doddering Bishop of Ely, be a producer and make an opera is surely near miraculous.

Now he has embarked on a new venture. With Michael Benthall he is producing a musical based on the gold-rush in South Africa. "We want to turn the tables on New York," he told me. "The West End stage supplies Broadway with its best theatre while Broadway supplies us with the best musicals. We hope to show that we, here, can produce a good musical too."

July will find him in Munich, doing his biggest film role to date, the Evil Genius, in a Michael Powell-Emeric Pressburger production, in technicolour, of *The Tales of Hoffmann*, with Moira Shearer; and for which Beecham is adapting Offenbach's music, Hein Heckroth designing the décor. Simmering, too, are his plans for a film version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with Danny Kaye as Bottom. And, of course, he is leading dancer with the Sadler's Wells at Covent Garden.

Whether as dancer, actor, choreographer or producer, Helpmann has an instinctive sense of theatre. He knew, as a small boy, that he wanted to be a dancer, to perform upon the stage, before he had ever seen a dancer, or looked inside a theatre. Looking back one is amazed at the way he held out against all antipodean opposition, determined to be a dancer at any cost.

Robert Helpmann was born at Mount Gambier, South Australia, in 1909. His mother, an amateur actress, encouraged her son in his dancing. Helpmann had never seen ballet or known a dancer. But he wanted to become one.

Soon he was known as "Genial Sam's mad boy" because he had left his father's sheep station to learn "fancy dancing" in the town, the only boy attending Norah Stewart's Dancing Academy in Adelaide.

One day, when he was fifteen, his father returned home from a twelve-hundred mile business trip to Melbourne. "Well, Bobby," he said to his son, "I've seen a pretty good dancer, and your mother better take you to see her and find out if you've got any talent."

Mrs. Helpmann packed their bags before he could change his mind. The Overland Express rushed and rattled them across the great Nullabor Plain. And then the red curtain of His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, rose to the sweet strain of strings in the orchestra pit on *Flora's Awakening*. "I hate it," said Bobby in the dark. But then a figure, hidden beneath layers of diaphanous draperies rose from a grassy bank at the back of the stage. It was Pavlova.

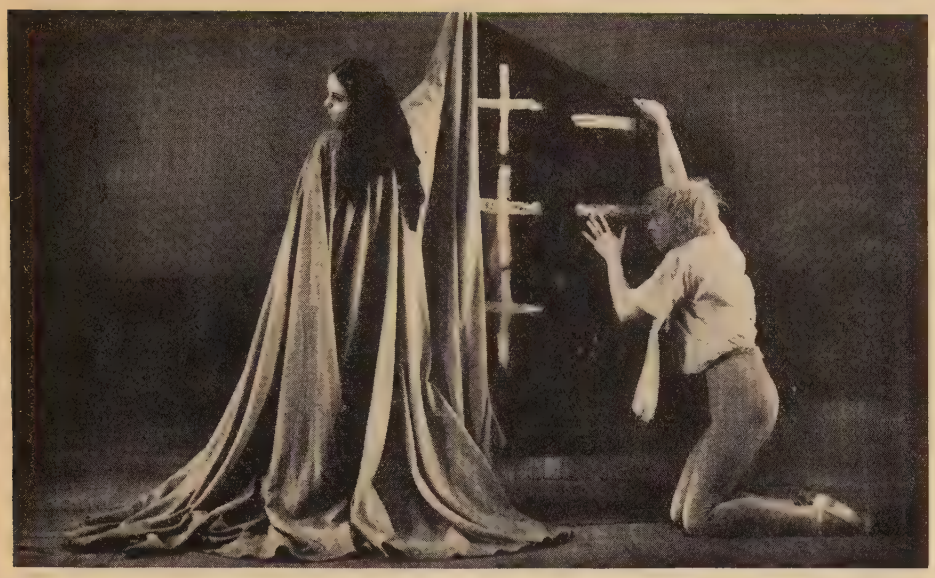
Next morning, on the empty stage, Pavlova gave Bobby an audition, took him into her company as "the odd bits boy", said he could have lessons from Novikoff, her partner. Until he was 16 he travelled Australia and New Zealand with Pavlova and her troupe, watching every performance of her *Snowflakes*, *Autumn Leaves*, *Chrysanthemums*, saw the Swan die a thousand deaths.

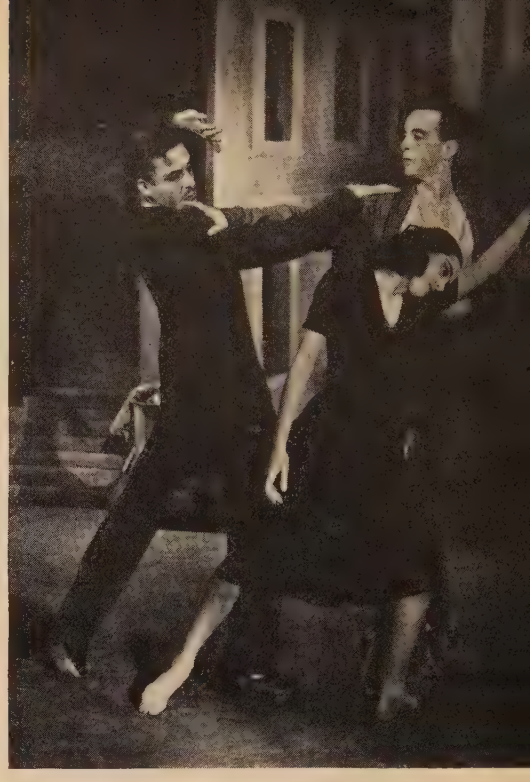
He learned the smell and feel of theatre. They travelled countless miles in trains. Pavlova, Dandre, her husband and the conductor endlessly played cards as they went their merry way to one-night stands in Wagga Wagga and Gundagai, to remote towns where they danced in ramshackle galvanised-iron halls, in leaking tents, won even the toughest of audiences, the sugar-cane cutters of tropical Northern Queensland.

One night a year later, after a performance of *Don Quixote*, Pavlova sent for him. She was sitting under the harsh bare light globes around her dressing-table, make-up melting and trickling in the heat. "It's a great pity," she told him, "that your father won't let me take you to Europe. He thinks you're too young. Promise me one thing," she added, "and you can become a great dancer. Never take your classroom on the stage with you."

Sadly he waved the company goodbye when they sailed, got his first professional job at sixteen. In *Frasquita*, a musical comedy with Marie Burke, he "danced a passionate Spanish number." This led to engagements to dance in *Rose Marie*, *The Merry Widow*, with Gladys Moncrieff.

(Top) *A new photograph of Helpmann at home by Alec Murray.* (Left) *Fonteyn as Ophelia and Helpmann in the title role of* Hamlet. (Below) *Fonteyn as the mad Ophelia, the photo shows the remarkable décor by Leslie Hurrey. Both photos by Tunbridge*





(Above) *Helpmann and June Brae in* Adam Zero. (Right) *David Paltenghi as the Official, Pauline Clayden as the Suicide and Helpmann as the Stranger in* Miracle in the Gorbals (*Photos: Mandinian*)

In *Sinbad*, a Christmas pantomime, he performed incredible convolutions on a great web stretched across the stage as a spider.

After one of these performances he met actress Margaret Rawlings and her husband, producer Gabriel Toyne, then touring Australia. They suggested he returned with them to England after playing one of the string of sons in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, in which Margaret Rawlings played Elizabeth. For his 21st birthday, in 1932, his grandfather's present was his fare to England.

Margaret Rawlings advised him to see Ninette de Valois who was pioneering British ballet with a small company formed only the previous year. Carefully brushed, on his second day in London, he went to Sadler's Wells Theatre and was told to wait in the stalls bar.

"I waited with mixed feelings," he recalls. "After half an hour Miss de Valois came in and the restful, lazy days of my life went out."

He rose to meet her. "How do you do," she said, looking at him hard. "You know I could do something with that face." The story has become a legend.

He went to her school. When it closed for the summer holidays he stayed behind and she trained him for his first role—Satan. It was one of the chief roles in her own ballet, *Job*, based on Blake's version of the Book of Job, to music of Vaughan Williams. The part had been made originally for Dolin. The "odd bits boy" was really launched on his career. His satanic characterisation won him the critics' praise.

Then came a macabre ballet, de Valois' *The Haunted Ballroom*. It was the first part "built on him" and he and Markova were the soloists. Working unceasingly, he accepted every part, large or small, that came his way, giving to each his whole concentration. Whenever he came on the stage, the atmosphere in the theatre seemed to change. His poise and presence compelled attention. With great versatility he could turn from classical roles to comic, romantic or strong character parts.

Helpmann became brilliant at the art of make-up. In a remarkably short time he was dancing the principal male roles in *Giselle*, *Apparitions*, *The Sleeping Princess*, *Nocturne*, *The Prospect Before Us* and *Dante Sonata*. For three years he partnered Markova.

Among the youngest students at this time was a girl called Margot Fonteyn, in whom, perhaps, de Valois saw even then Britain's future *prima ballerina assoluta*. In 1936 she danced with Helpmann for the first time, in *Apparitions*. They have danced together continuously ever since. Today, he told me, they work together on the stage with the same telepathic understanding as the Piddingtons.

Because of his intuitive feeling for stage craft, he knew the idea was a good one when his friend, producer Michael Benthall, suggested that he choreograph a Jacobean Masque, which led to him translating Milton's *Comus*, a masque first acted at Ludlow Castle in 1634, into his first ballet. It was a daring project for a new choreographer and meant the speaking of Milton's famous lines from the ballet-stage. After the final curtain on the first night, Helpmann came forward to the footlights, murmured: "I have already said far too much for a ballet dancer."

During rehearsals of *Comus* he had the first idea for his next ballet. "I tried to concentrate on what I was doing but the lines from Hamlet, 'For in that sleep of death what dreams may come, When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, must give us pause.' They kept running through my mind. Like many others I always wanted, someday, to play Hamlet. But, could it be possible, a Hamlet without words? Could it be danced and mimed? I decided, wisely or not I don't know, to try."

Helpmann as the Bridegroom in Ashton's Wedding Bouquet. *One of his best character roles* (*Photo: Felix Fonteyn*)

He discussed the idea with composer-conductor Constant Lambert, who told him of Tchaikovsky's fantasy-overture *Hamlet*, which had only had two public performances in England, and that the B.B.C. had the score. The B.B.C. said that they had the score but, as the year was 1942, it was safely buried in a cave in Wales with a lot of other valuable manuscripts.

Helpmann wrote and rewrote the scenario a dozen times. When the music arrived from the cave in Wales it paralleled beautifully his mimed and danced version.

Lesley Hurry designed the ballet by sheer chance. Helpmann happened upon one of his designs propped against a wall in the Redfern Gallery.

But Helpmann was at a loss to know how to mime Ophelia's mad scene. Already, in ballet, was the famous mad scene in *Giselle*. "What can you do with a girl gone mad but let her hair down?"

He kept skipping it, working on some other part of the ballet. "I was pretty desperate. I thought I might go mad myself."

The company was on tour in Bournemouth. Each afternoon he drank coffee in a café close to the stage door. There were people, potted palms, a string orchestra playing Humouresque.

One day he noticed a perfectly ordinary-looking woman come in, wearing a grey coat. She wore spectacles. She sat at the next table and took off her gloves. Underneath she was wearing another pair of gloves, scarlet. She took off her coat. The scarlet gloves went up above her elbows. She ordered coffee. The orchestra began to play.

"Slowly, as if in prayer, the woman lifted her hands. Then slowly, in time to the music, she wound and weaved her scarlet arms around and over her head, her fingers never quite touching. Her expression was blank, completely detached. She danced with her hands and she was mad, quite mad, in that same shut-in way as Ophelia. I hated myself for staring but she was unconcerned, a thousand miles away.

(*continued page* 16)

Arrangement of ballet music

There are one or two words in common use in musical circles which, to the majority of serious musicians, are like a red rag to a bull. And the word that covers the greatest multitude of musical sins is the word "arrangement".

STRANGELY enough, arrangement is a word which nearly always seems to find its way into the musical aspect of ballet. And in ballet, as elsewhere in music, it can have a variety of meanings.

Arrangement can mean almost anything, from the putting of the beginning of the music at the end, to the complete alteration of it in sound because it has been transferred from one instrument to another—as, for example, when Chopin's piano compositions are "arranged" for orchestra with varying degrees of success by one arranger or another.

Although the average arrangement of music for ballet has the effect of making the serious musician almost spit with rage, not all these changes are entirely bad. Some of them, used for the purpose for which they are planned, are quite good. But there again, it depends upon the arranger, and upon the type of music that is fed to the lions to make a choreographer's holiday.

Some music can stand this sort of thing without damage. After all, you can pick out bits of the light music of Lecocq and weld them into a delightful accompaniment to Massine's *Mam'zelle Angot*, just as you can do the same thing with the charming tunes of Offenbach or Johann Strauss. And if you've never seen the original musical comedies for which these tunes were written you have no sense of a melody being "out of its place".

And even when it *is* out of place as music, it can still be exactly right if used wisely by a choreographer who feels its true musical content. As an example, you only have to watch the choreography that Roland Petit has achieved to the *Carmen* third act prelude to understand that although the music is completely out of its context it has been heard and felt and translated.

The danger of arrangement lies, not in arrangement itself, but in bad arrangement; and some arrangement is bound to be bad because music written in one way cannot help being altered for the worse when somebody goes against the composer's original idea and presents it differently.

Even when an arrangement turns out successfully, as in *Les Sylphides*, somebody is bound to come along and try to improve it, with the result that just the reverse happens. Of the several orchestrations of the Chopin music now in use, I think that the earlier ones are by far the best. Technically, Gordon Jacob's arrangement now in use by Covent Garden, is a fine piece of work. But as music for the ballet it only succeeds in destroying, by its complexity and solidity, the ethereal atmosphere. I have heard a much better effect from the old Riiet orchestration played by a very much smaller orchestra and retaining the fragile quality which this music must have if it is to serve its purpose.

Just as the choreographer fails the moment he loses sight of his music as music, so the musician, too, can sometimes fail badly in his own medium. And fail he does — the moment he allows anything but purely musical considerations to dictate his "arrangements."

Michel Fokine in his own Daphnis and Chloë. *Based on the book by Longus it was first presented in Paris in* 1912. *Ravel's score is discussed on this page*

Ravel's finest ballet score

Quite apart from the increasing run of concert programmes devoted entirely to the more popular types of ballet music, ballet suites are appearing in ordinary concerts nowadays in large numbers.

AS it seems unlikely that we in this generation will again see Fokine's *Daphnis and Chloë* on a stage, the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra's performance of the full score at one of its Albert Hall concerts in March provided a welcome opportunity of assessing the music once more as pure sound. I say "once more", although for many it must have been the first hearing of the un-cut music.

I, like many others, can only imagine what a complete performance of the ballet must have been like. Even so, the musical interest would have been paramount for me, as indeed it was for Maurice Ravel, the composer to whom we owe this large-scale score that adds to an enormous orchestra the brilliance of percussion and the moaning of a wind-machine. To Ravel, *Daphnis and Chloë* was purely music.

Obviously the music said what Ravel wanted it to say. Its greatness lies in the fact that it does convey the sense of shimmering light, of breadth of landscape and of timelessness in which the story takes place. *Daphnis and Chloë* is by no means the mythology of the Greek classical period—rather is it mythology as seen through French eyes, just as we saw it not so long ago through French eyes in the wonderful exhibition of French landscape painting at Burlington House.

The music is vast, enormous in scope, colourful in the extreme, and suggestive in the sense that it sweeps you away into imaginative realms beyond ordinary thought. Every now and then, of course, you find echoes of another composer—of Tschaikovsky, of Rimsky-Korsakov in *Scheherazade*.

It is the fashion today to bemoan lost masterpieces in different branches of art, and to wonder why many famous works have slipped into oblivion. But when we come to search for reasons we can usually find them. *Daphnis and Chloë* may be dead as a ballet. But as music it is very much alive, even though difficulties of performance may make hearings of it few and far between in complete form.

Composer of the month

Emmanuel Chabrier

For the first time the Sadler's Wells Company at Covent Garden is to have a ballet to music by Chabrier, when Roland Petit's Ballabile *is presented on May* 5.

EMMANUEL CHABRIER is hardly known in this country by the ordinary run of concert-goers. And those who do know him would probably think of him only as the composer of that gloriously vulgar little romp, *Espana*, which is played here by everything from symphony orchestras to hurdy-gurdies.

But Chabrier is not quite unknown to ballet. It was only in 1932 that his music was used by Balanchine for *Cotillon*, a ballet that has been more or less forgotten today—perhaps superseded would be the better word.

Emmanuel Chabrier was born in France in 1841, and when he was fifteen years old he came to Paris and was given a job in the Civil Service. Music, although a great interest in his life, was not intended as his career; but in those days Paris was a hotbed of artistic creation, and the young clerk soon found himself mixing in the circles of poets, musicians and thinkers. He found time, too, to extend his musical studies, and became known as a brilliant pianist.

When he was in his thirties he decided to try his hand as a composer, and was greatly excited when his first comic opera, *l'Etude*, was produced. On the strength of this he resigned his Government position and joined the famous French conductor, Lamoureux, as an assistant. Thereafter all his time was given to music.

Chabrier, as far as I know, wrote no ballet music as such. But his music is largely of a type that lends itself to ballet, always provided that general care is taken (as it certainly was taken in the case of *Cotillon*) to choose just the right sections for the purpose.

He wrote, too, a couple of operas, one of which, *Le Roi Malgré Lui*, is still performed in France. In this country he is almost unknown except for *Espana*, the brilliant and colourful orchestration of which has made it popular, for different reasons, with all types and nationalities for more than seventy years. Incidentally, a recording of this work, played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham and issued by Columbia more than ten years ago is still one of the finest examples of technical recording I have encountered.

Temperamental and excitable, Chabrier suffered throughout his life from a nervous tension which resulted in a neurosis that turned to complete paralysis, from which he died at the age of fifty-three in 1894.

(Above) *The arrival of the bathers. Fifield centre with Blair sitting on a rock. The Village Boy (Trecu) is down-stage left centre (Photo: Robert Hummel).* (Below, left) *The Village Boy dances with the transformed Village Girl (Miller).* (Below, right) *One of the bathers (Blair) lifts the Village Girl while the boy kneels at her feet (Photos: Alec Murray)*

New Ballets

SUMMER INTERLUDE

First given at the Sadler's Wells Theatre by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet on Tuesday, March 28, 1950; Music, Respigi's arrangement of Old Airs and Dances; Choreography, Michael Somes; Décor and costumes, Sophie Fedorovitch.

A Village Girl .. .. Patricia Miller
A Village Boy .. .. Pirmin Trecu
Bathers .. Elaine Fifield, David Blair, Joan Cadzow, Jane Shore, Michael Hogan, Maureen Swanson, Veronica Vail, Sheilah O'Reilly, Stanley Holden, Donald McAlpine, Maureen Bruce, Peter Wright, Stella Claire, David Gill

A YOUNG boy and girl from the local village come to picnic on a Mediterranean beach. A party of rich boys and girls arrive to bathe. One of the bathers, a coquettish girl in black and yellow, starts a flirtation with the wide-eyed village boy; they go off together.

The village girl is left desolate; the other bathers comfort her and lend her a swimsuit, which when she puts it on, transforms her into a near-goddess. She is attracted by one of the boys. The village boy returns and he too seems to think she is some deity and declares his love. In the end the girl departs with the bathers and the village boy is left alone to contemplate his fickle behaviour.

THE beach ballet is with us once again. Probably the first of these seaside frolics was Nijinska's *Train Bleu*, which depicted the fashionable *plage* of the twenties. They have recurred frequently since those days and one of the last examples was Ashton's Edwardian extravaganza—*Les Sirenes*.

Somes' first creation, like Babilée's (*L'Amour et Son Amour*), was essentially a dancer's conception. From beginning to end it is all dancing and at the moment he has not been able to invest his dancers with the character that only comes with experience. The one fault of the work is that it appears to have almost too much choreography.

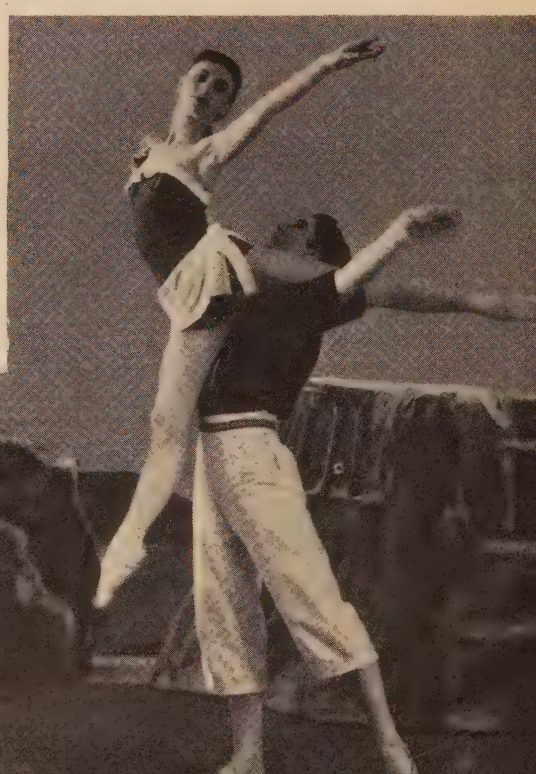
Somes is so bubbling with ideas, many of his own and some from the school of Ashton, that a little pruning would help to emphasise the true originality he obviously has. He showed great understanding of the material to hand—the beauty of Miller, the nobility of Blair, the *gaminerie* of Trecu, the all-pervading youth of the company. His *pas de deux* were lyrical, his *soli* clear and exciting, his *ensembles* rather too busy and distracting. The company have served him well for they dance with a freshness, vigour and gaiety that was enchanting.

Unfortunately, he was not so well served by his designer. Sophie Fedorovitch is the best designer for ballet in this country and I find it hard to believe that she was responsible for the regimented line of badly painted and constructed rocks that range across the back of the stage.

The costumes look as though they had been bought, at the last moment, in the juvenile department of a multiple store, and are completely untheatrical. Only Miller's swimsuit is successful. Were they more stylised they would assist the choreography rather than hinder it. However, the blue cloth and the use of every single light in the theatre, give a feeling of space and sunlight.

The old airs, brilliantly arranged by Respigi, blow through the work like cool gentle zephyrs on hot sand. How much more suitable in this particular case than some sultry clever modern score. Somes' *Fête au bord de mer* shows more than promise; it would be a good ballet from the hands of an experienced master. We look forward with eagerness to his next work.

P.W.



(Above) *The Prodigal Son* (*Jerome Robbins*) *dances with the Siren* (*Maria Tallchief*). (Above, right) *The Siren tries to seduce the Prodigal Son while the drinking companions look on.* (Below) *The Prodigal Son is induced by his companions to drink to excess so that after he has fallen into a stupor, they can strip him of his possessions*

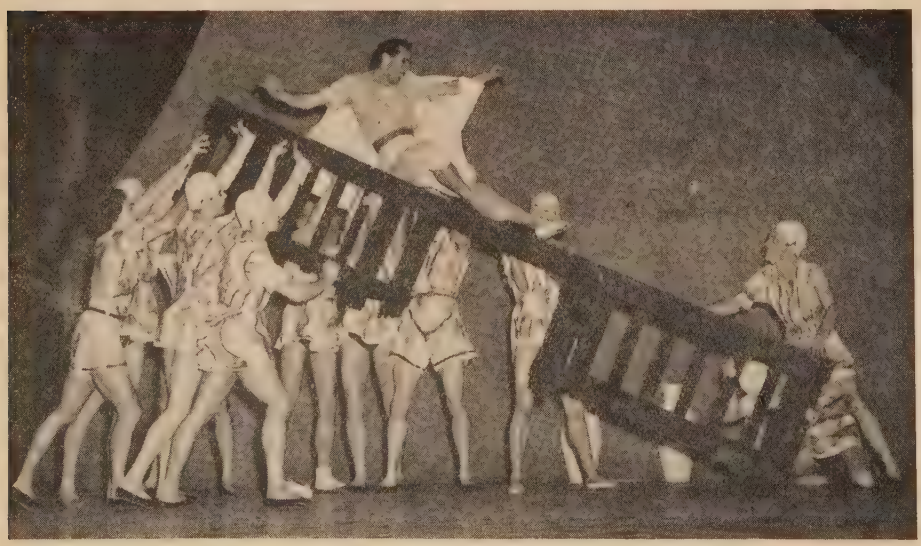
(*Photos: Ed Carswell—Graphic House*)

Prodigal Son

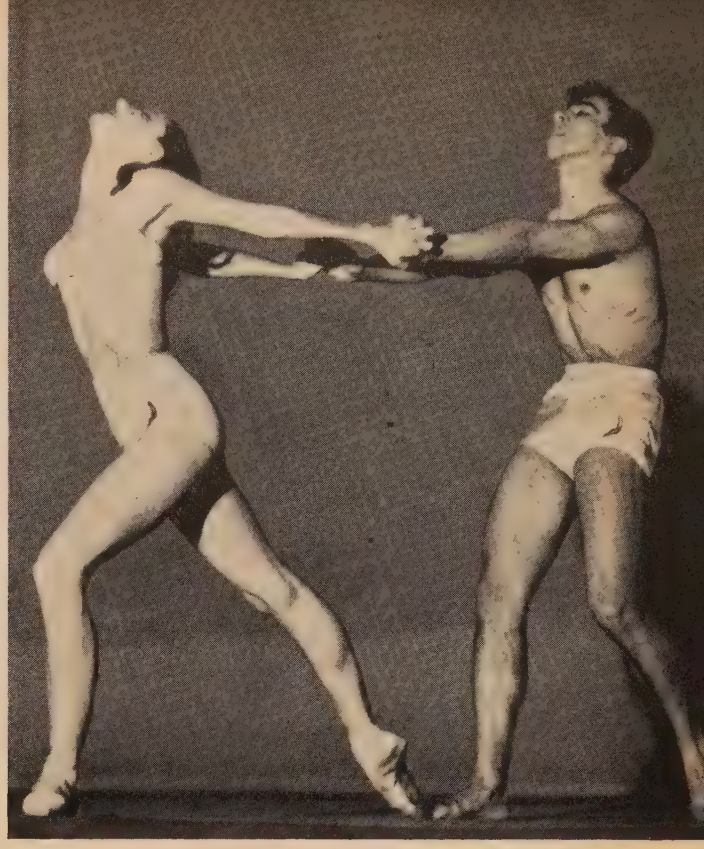
Revived by New York City Ballet on Thursday, February 23, 1950, at New York City Centre; Choreography by George Balanchine; Music by Prokovieff; Costumes by Roualt.

CAST :

The Prodigal Son	Jerome Robbins
The Siren	Maria Tallchief
The Father	Michael Arshansky
Servants of the Prodigal Son	Frank Hobi, Herbert Bliss
The Two Sisters ..	Jillana, Francesca Mosarra
Drinking Companions ..	Robert Barnett, Dick Beard, Val Buttignol, Jacques D'Amboise, Walter Georgov, Brooks Jackson, Shaun O'Brien, Karel Shook, Roy Tobias



This work was originally produced for Diaghilev at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre, Paris, in 1929. This is the first time it has been revived though Lichine did a version for De Basil in 1939. The work falls into three scenes. The Prodigal Son quarrels with his father and leaves home with two friends. In the second scene he meets various drinking companions and also the Siren. He is captivated by the Siren and after an orgy they all strip him of his worldly possessions. In the final scene he returns home broken and penniless to be welcomed and forgiven by his father.



The two photographs above show the pas de deux *in the second movement with Tanaquil LeClercq and Nicholas Magallanes. He has just rescued her from drowning and they have fallen in love. The group below shows members of the company enjoying life on a Sunday. Reading from left to right they are: Nicholas Magallanes, Dick Beard, Tanaquil LeClercq, Shaun O'Brien, and Melissa Hayden*

Jones Beach

First given by New York City Ballet on Thursday, March 9, 1950, at New York City Centre. Choreography by George Balanchine; Music by Juriaan Andriessen; Costumes by Jantzen.

CAST included: Maria Tallchief, Melissa Hayden, Tanaquil LeClercq, Beatrice Tompkins, Yvonne Mountsey, Jerome Robbins, Nicholas Magallanes, Frank Hobi, William Dollar, Roy Tobias, Herbert Bliss, Dick Beard, Shaun O'Brien.

The four movements of this ballet show typical happenings on the popular Jones Beach.

In the first movement, Sunday on the Beach, boys and girls in swimsuits enjoy themselves in the sun and open air.

In the second movement Nicholas Magallanes rescues Tanaquil LeClercq from drowning in the sea. They fall in love in an acrobatic *pas de deux*.

In the third movement, Frank Hobi, William Dollar and Roy Tobias fight off a swarm of mosquitoes who are represented by the girls.

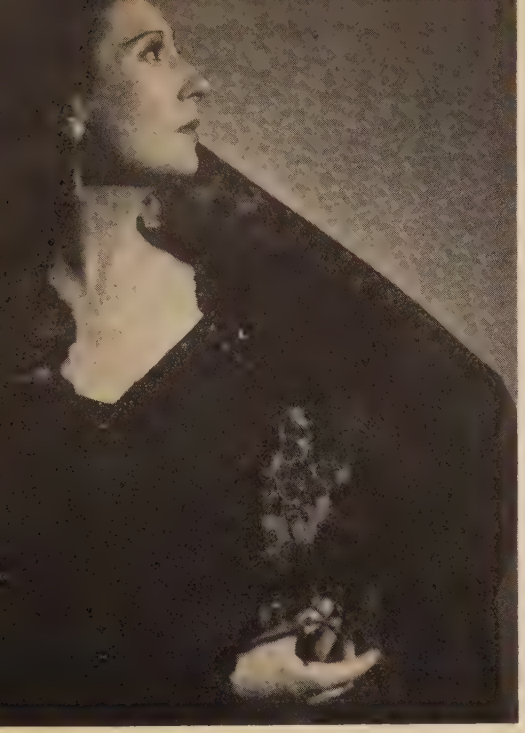
The fourth movement, Hot Dogs, includes a jazz *pas de deux* for Maria Tallchief and Jerome Robbins.

As we are, at last, to see more Balanchine ballets in England when the New York City Ballet comes to Covent Garden in July, it is a good idea to refresh our memories about what he has done in the past. After George Balanchivadse left Russia in about 1924, he came to Western Europe with a small company which included Danilova. Diaghilev took him into his company and changed his name to the one we know today. During the four years until the company disbanded in 1929, he mounted *Barabau* (1925), *La Pastorale* (1925), *Jack in the Box* (1926), *The Triumph of Neptune* (1928), *Le Rossignol* (1926), *La Chatte* (1927), *Apollon* (1928), *Gods go a-Begging*, *Le Fils Prodigue* (1929) and *Le Bal* (1929).

For de Basil, *La Concurrence* and *Cotillon* (1932).

For Les Ballets 1933, *Errante*, *Songes*, *Mozartianan*.

For the American Ballet Company, *Serenade* (1934), *Transcendance* (1934), *Reminiscence* (1935), *The Bat* (1936), *Orpheus* (1936), *Card Party* (1937).



Pilar Lopez, sister of the great Argentinita (Photo: Campua, Madrid)

How to look at SPANISH DANCING

by ELSA BRUNELLESCHI

TO enjoy Spanish dancing, it is important to know something of its many facets though it is not necessarily a question of having technical knowledge. It is also important to know how *not* to look at it and what not to expect it to be.

Many people have well set pre-conceived ideas on the subject. Anything that is noisy, with clattering castanets, passes in the eyes of some people for Spanish dancing. But the hitting together of two pieces of wood is not by any means castanet playing, neither does indifferent stamping with no regard to either style, tone quality, speed, or pattern, constitute the real idea of *Zapateado*.

At the opposite end of the scale there are those who cherish an idea of a Spain, terribly proud and dignified. In their imagination Spain is an austere land of farthingaled duennas dancing grave *pavanes* and *sarabands* amid seventeenth century court intrigues.

Another picturesque but false idea, known by the derogatory name of Españolada, is the concept of a Spain of smugglers, bandits, bullfighters, and gipsies with daggers in the garter. All very romantic but alas completely untrue.

It is not essential to be Spanish to play castanets. Strong, nimble fingers are not a Spanish prerogative. There are the only qualifications needed to play all basic rhythms, a matter which usually takes from two to three weeks. But to play castanets like a virtuoso is quite another matter, naturally depending on the sense of rhythm, ear, touch and musicality of the individual.

Ignorance with regard to the existing wealth and variety of Spanish dances is almost as prevalent in Spain itself as elsewhere. The folk-lore companies which multiplied so rapidly that most of them are now dying a natural death, have proved that in Spain the masses think that Spanish dancing consists solely of Andalusian or gipsy dances.

Each province in Spain has its own sequestered life. The Valencians, for instance, are not very interested in the artistic expressions of their Catalonian neighbours. The only fortunate ones who have succeeded in breaking down these parochial barriers, by travelling far afield, are Spain's *enfants terribles* the Andalusians; the gipsies also hold sway and have laid a spell that influences music, poetry, dancing and all Spanish arts.

It is not possible to generalise on so extensive and individual a theme though the qualities that should be looked for in Spanish dancing are in the main—nerve, line and style with feeling for the dances reflected in the expression of the face, and in particular the all-important carriage of the arms which is the great secret and key to genuine Spanish dancing.

The Mexican dancer, Roberto Ximenez

As I have said before a knowledge of technique is not necessary. An ordinary Spanish audience will not know much more about this than an English audience but in the presence of Pastore Imperio, raising her arms like two alabaster columns in her own inimitable manner, the audience will instinctively feel that this unquestionably is Spain. The dancing scene changes from province to province and every district, town or village of that province might have a different variant of a dance or even something completely original. In my next article I intend to explain the characteristics of the most important of these provincial dances.

HELPMANN—continued from page 11

"A waitress told me that she came at that hour every day. She had been a singer. One night, just as she was going out onto the platform to give a performance, her hands held in front of her, as singers hold them, she was gently touched on the arm and told of an accident. Her husband had been killed. This was my Ophelia, the same breaking of the mind at the death of someone dearly loved. I could not have conceived it without seeing that poor woman."

He says himself that, as an Australian brought up with no traditional knowledge of ballet, he has always felt that the ballet audience is limited by the lack of technical knowledge on the part of the man in the street.

"And so I've thought for a long time that the appeal of ballet, as well as being technical must also be theatrical. While he mightn't understand a beautifully executed set of brises, he will react to a dramatic situation. And I see no reason why ballet can't draw on these dramatic situations as much as any other form of theatre."

Two years later he spoke *Hamlet* in the Guthrie-Benthall production of the play for the Old Vic, so nervous on the first night that he wanted to go down to the footlights and ask the audience to go home and forget it. Here was the greatest of the dramatic roles in theatre being played for the first time in history by a ballet dancer. And the late James Agate wrote of his performance as "acting on the androgynous plane of pure poetry, as indeed one expected from an artist in the school of Nijinsky."

Helpmann then produced another ballet, *The Birds*, which he himself calls "a meringue". From doves and nightingales he turned to razor gangs, prostitutes, suicides—and Christ. What if Christ came to earth again? was the question answered in his *The Miracle of the Gorbals*, evolved once again with the help of Michael Benthall who, when in charge of an anti-aircraft gun plump in the middle of the Glasgow slum, had written a short story in which Christ returned to and was crucified in a dock-yard slum. This was a theme, especially if used in ballet, that could easily dismay unless treated with incredible tact. It was received as one of Helpmann's major works and showed how English ballet was learning to take from and be part of contemporary life.

Never happy sitting down on laurels, he soon decided, after talking with his friends, Margaret Rawlings (who had first seen him in Melbourne years before as the Spider) and Michael Benthall, to take to the "straight" stage again.

"It all really began nearly four hundred years before," he explained to me, "in Rome, when the Duke of Brachiano fell in love with the beautiful Vittoria Corombono and went about having her husband strangled and his own wife poisoned. So gory and chilling was the story at Vittoria's trial, for her part in the murders, that news of it spread to the taverns of London, where John Webster heard of it and immediately wrote a play about it called *The White Devil*. We decided to revive it at the Duchess."

This was followed by his performances at Stratford, as Hamlet again, maturer and surer than that other of four years previously. That season, too, he appeared as a "pale, evil-purposed, red-haired fox with minatory hands" in the title role of *King John* and as a venomous Shylock. There was another ballet, *Adam Zero*; he acted in films, *Henry V*, *Red Shoes*. Recently we have seen his production of *Madame Butterfly*, his performance in the title role of *Don Quixote*.

With chameleon-like dexterity he assumes a dozen diverse colours and before our very eyes changes his character a hundred times. Yet it is in the role of choreographer that we would like to see him again. Perhaps soon we will.

Films

More musicals—and dancing

FRED ASTAIRE has designed a new dance called *Doing the Anna Lucasta*, inspired by Columbia's film version of the successful play of the same name.

★

Paramount Pictures will film *Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'* ! the Jerome Robbins' musical that had a short run in New York. Theoretically based on choreographer Robbins life story, it will feature Betty Hutton, dancing as well as singing, and possibly Fred Astaire.

★

Vera-Ellen and Fred Astaire will be dancing partners in M.G.M.'s forthcoming technicolour musical *Three Little Words*. The film will be based on the lives of Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, successful song-writing team of the 'twenties. Hermes Pan will stage the dances.

★

In addition to skiing, swimming, ice skating, skeet shooting, tennis, golf and square dancing, Esther Williams (aquatic heroine of *Neptune's Daughter*) will do a ballet sequence in M.G.M.'s musical *The Duchess of Idaho*. Her dance is being arranged by dance director Jack Donohue.

★

James Mitchell, former Lester Horton dancer (Los Angeles concert group), whose success in Broadway musicals eventually led to an acting-dancing role in *Brigadoon* has turned straight actor in *Border Incident*, M.G.M. film currently being shown in and about London.

★

The prodigious Gene Kelly is to do yet another musical entitled *An American in Paris*, inspired by the Gershwin score bearing the same title (M.G.M.).

★

Ernesto and Talia, ballroom team who danced a rhumba in *Neptune's Daughter* will evolve a Cockfight number for M.G.M.'s *Visa*. Based on a traditional Cuban dance it will incorporate ballet technique.

Ernesto is the son of choreographer Moscagno of La Scala, Milan. He was born in New York City where he acquired his ballet training and also taught ballet. Talia his wife was formerly a pupil of his.

★

Robert Alton, for many years dance director of Broadway musicals, will direct M.G.M.'s *Pagan Love Song* with Esther Williams, Ricardo Montalban, Howard (Oklahoma) Keel and Cyd Charisse who was last seen in *The Unfinished Dance* and *Words and Music*.

★

Lana Morris who must learn to dance the Charleston for her role in *The Verger* an episode of Somerset Maugham's *Trio*, now being filmed at Pinewood, is being coached by her mother Corrinne Burford ex-silent-screen star and expert Charlestonian.

★

Bridget Carr, former dancer at the Copacabana night club in New York, will join Judy Garland and Gene Kelly in a singing and dancing role in *Summer Stock* (M.G.M.).

Carmen Miranda soars in Nancy Goes To Rio, *M.G.M.'s soon to be released technicolour musical. A considerable amount of the dancing chores will fall to Jane Powell and Scotty Beckett. Nick Castle arranged the dances*

COMPETITIONS :

TO judge the competition set in our March issue, we had to turn ourselves into a mixture of Diaghilev, De Valois, and David Webster. You were asked to say what four ballets you would like to see in the repertoire of the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden. The results were extremely interesting.

Most striking was that over 95 per cent. of the entrants wished to see Fokine's *Petrouchka* revived. Almost the same number wanted to see at least one Tudor ballet. It became difficult to sort them out, so we started a process of elimination.

Finally it rested with two people and David Vaughan has won the prize. His was by far the most balanced entry and seems to have been compiled with due regard to the existing conditions at the Opera House. I would like to say, however, that although *Cotillion* and *Choreatium* were wonderful in their day and they introduced something exciting and new, their particular idiom has been copied and improved by many choreographers since. Now they might appear rather out of date. However, they are very great works and should not be lost and Sadler's Wells is probably the only company in the world that would do them justice.

I do not also agree with Vaughan's statement that because the Americans revived *Petrouchka* so unsuccessfully it is unlikely that we should succeed where they failed. Americans have never, to date, shown any aptitude for reviving classics whereas in this country we have proved on many occasions that we are past-masters at it. In place of it he puts *L'Epreuve D'Amour*, so he is forgiven on this count. The last named was the best of all the later Fokine works and should never, never, have been lost. There are still a few people left in the world who remember it and it is to be hoped that somebody will take the advantage of using them.

The four ballets I should like to see given by the Sadler's Wells Company at Covent Garden, are :

COTILLION: Ballet in one act by Boris Kochno. Choreography by George Balanchine. Music by Emmanuel Chabrier, orchestrated by Chabrier, F. Mottl and Vittorio Rieti. Décor and costumes by Christian Bérard.

It is not right that one of Balanchine's masterpieces should be consigned to oblivion: we are grateful that two of his ballets are to be added to the repertoire this year, but he should be represented by one of his earlier, or middle period works as well. Furthermore, this is a ballet of a kind that is not to be found in the present repertoire, and it would probably do he company good to attempt it.

CHOREATIUM: Choreographic Symphony in four parts. Choreography by Leonide Massine. Music, Brahms' Symphony No. 4, in E minor. Décor and costumes, would have to be redesigned. I suggest John Tunnard.

Nor is it right that one of Massine's masterpieces should be consigned to oblivion, particularly one that may fairly be considered to have altered the whole course of contemporary choreography. In the opinion of this writer, none of Massine's new ballets is good enough to be in the repertoire, and that includes *Angot*, but there is everything to be said for inviting him to revive some of the works of his maturity that will otherwise be lost. This is also a ballet of a kind that is not to be found in the current repertoire—the dance-ballets there are all in the neo-classic idiom. Again, it would no doubt be salutary for the company to have to dance in this unaccustomed style.

L'EPREUVE D'AMOUR: *ou, Chung-Yang et le Mandarin cupide*. Ballet in one act by André Derain and Michel Fokine. Choreography by Michel Fokine. Music by W. A. Mozart, arranged and orchestrated by Ludwig Seitz. Décor and costumes by André Derain.

Once again the first reason applies. At the moment Fokine is represented in the repertoire only by *Les Sylphides*, and most of us would be glad to see that given a rest. The first company has never been very successful in *Carnaval*, and any other early Fokine ballets would doubtless seem hopelessly dated now. (This, of course, does not apply to *Petrouchka*, but if the Americans can't do this successfully there seems no reason to suppose that we could.) But naturally we want Fokine to be represented in our national repertoire, and this would seem to be a work perfectly suited to the capabilities of the company.

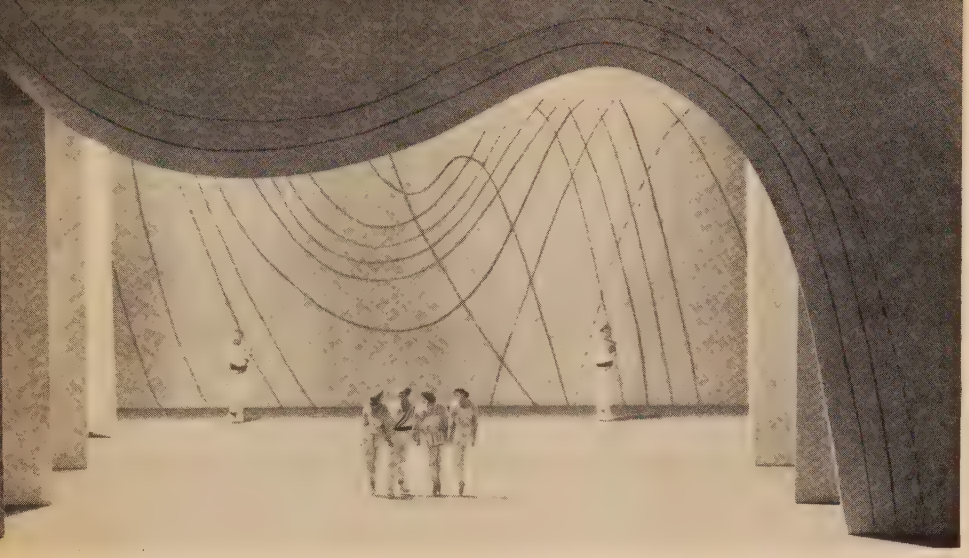
HOROSCOPE. Ballet in one act by Constant Lambert. Choreography by Frederick Ashton. Music by Constant Lambert. Curtain, décor and costumes by Sophie Fedorovitch.

This is the only ballet that was lost in the invasion of Holland that has not been revived, and it is one of those most worth reviving. At the moment no ballet with an original score by Mr. Lambert is in the repertoire, and this in itself would be a sufficient argument for *Horoscope's* revival. The original principals are still with the company, and there seems no reason to suppose that Miss Fonteyn and Mr. Somes would not score an even greater triumph in their roles now than they did in 1938.—DAVID VAUGHAN, 316, *Coombe Lane, West Wimbledon, London, S.W.20.*

NEXT COMPETITION

Your Best True Story

We are again offering two seats at the Opera House to the person who sends us their best true story about the ballet, either as a dancer or as a member of the audience. The story must have happened to the entrant personally and must not be more than 500 words. The subject can be either comic or tragic and will be judged on its entertainment value and composition. Your entries should not reach this office later than Monday, May 22, marked "Competition" in the top left-hand corner of the envelope and addressed to: The Editor, DANCE AND DANCERS, Mersey House, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4.



The two photographs by A. C. Cooper are of models made for the British Council exhibition of ballet design now in Spain. Both models are of works in the Sadler's Wells repertoire. The model alongside is Sophie Fedorovitch's décor for Ashton's Symphonic Variations. *It instantly creates a mood which you can interpret as you will (for me the dancers will always be disembodied matter moving in celestial space). The pale green setting is the ideal background for the white costumes and both enhance Ashton's choreographic pattern*

The model below was made by James Bailey of his second act décor for Giselle. *Here again the designer has fully realised what was expected of him. Although the scene is full of detail, it is all in low tones of green and grey that set off the white costumes. The romantic ballets of the last century can only be treated in this way; a clever modern setting would be completely at variance with Coralli's choreography and Adam's score*

Designing for ballet

by PETER WILLIAMS

DROP CURTAIN AND SETTING

THE designer, like the window dresser is the person who finally sells ballet to the audience. His purpose is to present not himself but the dancer, dancing to the choreographer's pattern and the composer's score.

But designing is more than tying dainty bows and creating a series of pretty pictures. In fact, prettiness should seldom appear in ballet. The designer must set the right mood and atmosphere the instant the curtain rises. If he fails in this his initial task, then all is lost.

If a company has enough money to afford a *rideau* (drop-curtain) then the designer is able to establish a mood even before the curtain rises. Take for example Derain's cloth for *La Boutique Fantasque* with its two children's picture-book figures—the audience knows the moment it appears that they are about to see a work gay and naively sophisticated. Or Picasso's brilliant cloth for *Le Tricorne* ((unfortunately never used these days): here was all the dust and heat of Spain depicted in a few lines—no matter that the subject, men and women in a box at a corrida, bore little relation to the ballet that followed.

Or again, an example better known in this country—Edward Burra's drop cloth for *Miracle in the Gorbals*. What could be better to give the feeling of Clydeside than this I.C.I. type of poster cloth of a ship in dock? The docks which are never clearly shown in the ballet, are the dominating factor in the life of everyone of these characters, a fact that Bliss's music so clearly underlines.

Another advantage of the *rideau* is that should the ballet have more than one scene, it can retain the initial mood right through to the end. It should reflect the music and use music as its inspiration. This is the one occasion when the designer and composer can get into a corner without interference from the choreographer; though frequently the choreographer has broken in on this slight flirtation, it has seldom been to his advantage. He never will realise that his powers are heightened if the audience can have a slight relaxation from continual movement.

Massine's *Mam'zelle Angot* is the one ballet when these hampered prancings, before a drop-curtain, are justified. This is a pastiche musical comedy and here it is right to conform to the conventions of that strange art.

Few companies can afford such extravagance and the designer has usually to rely on ingenuity to get his meaning over. Having created the mood he now has to make a concession to the dancer. As ballet is first and foremost an art of movement, he must create space. Not easy is it to convey the cramped cell or cottage parlour when thirty or forty rollicking dancers have to go through complicated gyrations; and this is where the designer who understands the use of light will score over all others. The switchboard is as much his tool as the paintbrush.

Almost anyone with only the vaguest notion of design can paint a setting on paper but designing for the theatre is one of the arts of the theatre, not necessarily the same as the art of the painter or architect. A complete understanding of all three arts plus taste (a natural art—not an acquired one) is the only foundation upon which a designer can start to build—knowledge of painting brings colour and composition; knowledge of architecture brings practical shape; knowledge of the theatre brings realisation and projection.

If ballet is to be seen by the person in the back row of the gallery, it is essential to use the greatest economy of colour and detail. Dancers can easily become lost in a welter of elaboration. Colour is the designer's trump card but if played too frequently it becomes indigestible like too much rich pudding.

The setting that gets a round of applause is usually a self-conscious affair which means the designer has used all his artifice to submerge his other two partners.

Christian Bérard was one of the greatest ballet designers of the last half-century. His décor for *Les Forains*, one of his most successful creations, never got a round of applause yet it is still admitted by everybody as the ideal ballet setting. When lit as he intended (very different from the way it is seen today), how perfectly it created the waste-ground on the outskirts of a small French town towards evening. Yet it consisted of nothing more than black "tabs", a few posts, a few yards of cheap scarlet material and a hand-cart. It fulfilled completely the function of the designer—having mood, space, and clarity; helping and never hindering the pattern of Roland Petit's choreography, emphasising Sauguet's circus score.

I have purposely kept off costume in this article as I intend to write about it next month but in reality, costume and setting should always be thought of as one. Seldom does a work attain any homogeneity when these two are conceived by different minds.

Schools

Primitive rhythms in Paris

Katherine Dunham and her company caused a sensation when they appeared at the Prince of Wales Theatre in 1948. Since then they have toured Europe with equal success. Now Dunham is opening the main branch of her famous school in Paris.

by ALMA HUBNER

KATHERINE DUNHAM has brought African and Caribbean dances here to stay. For the first time the West Indies' primitive rhythms will be taught in Paris. The Dunham troupe's extended season at the Palais de Chaillot has aroused such enthusiasm that Katherine feels she should leave behind something more than a memory of exotic dances and dazzling colours.

The project of establishing a permanent Dunham school on the continent has made her run all over Paris, between shows, visiting buildings for sale.

"All I need to start the school is to find a suitable building," she told me.

Katherine Dunham plans to reduce the school permanently operating in New York and transfer the main branch here. "I spend so much energy just trying to keep alive in New York that I find Paris restful," she says, "the atmosphere here is so much more suitable to my artists' development."

The Dunham School of Dance and Theatre opened in New York in the fall of 1945. It was created to have dancers trained in her methods for her *corps de ballet*. She has picked all her dancers from her school. Although none is outstanding by classical ballet standards, as a group they have an enviable unity of style. They are homogeneous, something that cannot be said of the *corps de ballet* of a famous company that was recently here.

THE New York school is located on the second floor of an old theatre right in the heart of Broadway. It is no ordinary dance school. The variety and completeness of its programme is astonishing and does justice to Dunham's ideas on the education of the dancer. She believes every dancer needs a knowledge of music and the arts, and a high level of general culture.

There are three departments: dance, drama and cultural studies. The dance section, the largest, includes the following classes: Dunham technique and primitive rhythms, ballet, modern dancing, boogie, rhythm tap dancing, classic Spanish technique, Oriental dances, form and space, form and function, survey of historical movement, choreutics, percussion, history of the dance, music appreciation and dance notation. The drama school teaches twelve subjects. The cultural studies, seven (including anthropology, philosophy and Spanish).

What is the Dunham technique? Dunham says it is her contribution to the dance. It would be hard to explain what it consists of in so many words, for it is a purely personal conception of the many primitive negro rhythms she picked up in the Caribbean islands, notably Haiti and Jamaica, throughout trips of anthropological investigation.

Katherine Dunham was not born on one of those tropical isles, as one would suspect. She comes from Joliet, a sort of suburb of Chicago. Her mother is Franco-Canadian, her father an American negro. At Chicago University, where her brother is a professor of philosophy, she studied anthropology and won a fellowship which took her to Haiti in 1937-38.

THE small French-speaking negro Republic which takes up half of the island of Santo Domingo welcomed the attractive young student from Chicago as one of their own. Katherine lived among the islanders and made a study of their living and religious habits. She saw tribal and ritual dances that had come from Africa many centuries before and were preserved intact. She was present at ceremonies no outsider has ever seen. The ancestral culture of her people, with which the American negro had long ago lost touch, opened up a new world before her. A book, *The Dances of Haiti*, soon came out making known her discoveries.

Her attention was diverted from anthropology to the dance. It has interested her for as long as she can remember. While at High School, she studied classical ballet with Mark Turbeyville, later with Ludmilla Speranzova, who danced at a Chicago theatre.

Dunham enjoyed dancing. It gave her physical satisfaction to feel her muscles at work. Ballet training gave her a solid foundation for her later work. In 1939 she was dance director of the New York Labor Stage. In Haiti she had never thought of dancing professionally, but now her mind was made up. She wanted to dance. A recital at the Windsor Theatre in 1940 was followed by outstanding performances in Hollywood films. I remember particularly *Cabin in the Sky* and *Stormy Weather*.

I have been at Katherine's classes in Paris. Her unusual methods amaze me. She works to

Katherine Dunham in rehearsal

the accompaniment of two drums, a pair of *maracas* and a piano, seldom used. The Cuban drummers sing in Spanish when the mood moves them and there is an indescribable feeling of gaiety and carefreeness.

Katherine dances in front of the group which follows her from one end of the room to the other. She does different simple steps, hip and shoulder movements, to the unvarying beat of the drums, sometimes quickening, doubling the rhythm of the body. The group merely imitate her movements; she explains nothing.

But now and again in the middle of the moving, swaying mass, she corrects a misplaced arm or a shoulder movement. Often the girls place their hands on her hips trying to catch her swaying rhythm and one behind the other form a long conga-like line.

Drums and the stamping of so many bare feet made me feel I was somewhere in Africa watching a slender, long-legged village priestess guiding her flock through the intricate rhythms of a tribal dance.

"I am not a dancer. I am not an ethnologist; I am an evangelist," Katherine Dunham told me. She preaches, above all, the joy of life she found in Haiti and the beauty of the people she met on the islands. Her *Caribbean Rhapsody* has been preaching all that for the past two years. She has brought us an invigorating breath of beauty from the Antilles with her songs and dances.

The new Katherine Dunham school in Paris opens up unforeseen possibilities. The ballet student or investigator will not need to travel to the West Indies to discover the mysteries of primitive negro rhythms, tribal or ritual dances. And who knows whether Massine might undertake a negro ballet?

New Books

Covent Garden, by Desmond Shawe-Taylor.
The Waltz, by Mosco Carner.
Opéra Comique, by Martin Cooper.

(Nos. 4, 5 and 9 in the series *The World of Music*, published in London by Max Parrish & Co., Limited, at 7*s*. 6*d*. each).

These comprehensive and amusing books enable most people to take an increased pleasure in musical and theatrical subjects. They are generously illustrated and the quality of the reproductions (both black-and-white and colour) is very high.

The history of Covent Garden is an adventure story. How this beautiful opera house has gone from a home of the world's greatest voices and much great ballet to a furniture depository, or worse, a "sixpenny hop", makes absorbing reading, and gives names to the countless great whose ghosts still cling about in the red plush and gilt atmosphere.

Mosco Carner's book is one of great interest to dancers as well as to musicians, for it explains with admirable clarity the causes and development, and the period-style significance, of all the different forms of waltzes from the peasant *ländler* through Bach, Schubert, Lanner and the Strausses to the symphonic waltzes of Berlioz, Ravel, Liszt and Tchaikovsky.

The Opera Comique as such is dead. The hall-mark of our epoch would appear to be tragedy, as much in the theatre as anywhere else. This little book is a record of four hundred years of laughter (and its final decay in a bog of romanticism and revolution) and apart from anything else is a fascinating social history.

Michael Ashlin

Dancers you should know . . .

(*Photos: Hamilton Walter*)

JOAN TUCKER

IN an article, *Three Studies in Character*, in the January, 1949, issue of *Ballet and Opera*, Cyril W. Beaumont writes: "Miss Tucker is a technically strong dancer, with firm *pointes* and a pleasing personality. She dances the role (Maria, in Andrée Howard's *Twelfth Night*) not only as though she enjoyed it—a quality by no means common—but she invests her movements with an air of spontaneity which is really captivating. Perhaps her smile is on the generous side, but it strikes one not as a smile assumed for the occasion but as the natural reflection of a happy temperament."

Thank you, Mr. Beaumont, for putting it so aptly, for anyone who knows Joan will agree that this geniality you describe is one of her characteristics off as well as on stage.

The only child of Ivy Winifred Taylor and John Leonard Tucker, Joan was born on June 17, 1927, and began her dance training at the incredibly tender age of two and a half. The Tuckers, detecting an abnormal degree of shyness in little Joan, decided upon dancing lessons as a remedy. After two years at the Grandison-Clark School of Dancing in Norbury, the hard shell of timidity began to disappear and Joan blossomed out. Intelligent, she progressed rapidly.

When she had completed her second year of training the family moved to Wallington, Surrey, where she resumed her ballet classes at the Joan Watts School of Dancing, remaining there until 1944. Her last two years there she devoted to teaching in the school when Miss Watts was called for service in the Land Army. Joan was only fifteen when she began teaching.

For Joan this was yet another accomplishment. By the time she was eleven she had a collection of over a hundred medals and trophies won at dancing competitions. She had completed her Royal Academy of Dancing five year scholarship in 1939. She was then only twelve. Fellow-scholars at the time were Annette Chappell (Empire Ballet), Gillian Lynn (Sadler's Wells Ballet) and John Hart (Sadler's Wells Ballet).

Needless to say, Mr. and Mrs. Tucker were proud of their ex-problem child. Mr. Tucker, a banker, plays the violin and might have had a career in the theatre if his parents had consented. He is still an avid theatre goer, and the guiding light in his daughter's career.

In the early autumn of 1944 the Tucker family held council and decided it was time for Joan to do some professional dancing. With twelve years of good, solid training and a string of trophies behind her Joan entered the International Ballet School in South Kensington.

Within two months she was taken into the *corps de ballet* of International Ballet

A YEAR—SOLOS

Whether or not it was Joan's ebullient disposition, her formidable technique or a lack of competition in the company, within a year she was dancing solo roles. She loves to tell the story of Andrée Howard's ballet *Twelfth Night:*

The International Ballet was having a season at the London Casino in November, 1948. Joan was understudy to Noreen Lee, who understudied Maria Balinska (now with the Ambassador Ballet). With the news of Miss Balinska's impending departure from the company, Noreen Lee immediately began preparing to take over. Meanwhile, Joan wistfully speculated on her chance of one day dancing the role.

She hadn't long to wait. The day before Miss Lee was scheduled to perform, she seriously injured a finger. Despite the reluctance of the direction, who feared Joan's inexperience would be detrimental to the portrayal of the role, and with a minimum of rehearsal, she danced the part of Maria.

Cyril Beaumont was so charmed by her performance that he presented her with a copy of his book *The Romantic Ballet*, inscribed with his praise of her interpretation of the role of Maria.

SUCCESS—DEPARTURE

Joan treasures this book. Besides being a gift from one of the foremost authorities on the dance, it is a symbol of her first successfully danced solo in a ballet company. It also marked the beginning of a series of roles that were to become hers in the near future. She danced Swanilda in *Coppelia*, Columbine in *Carnaval*, the Lilac Fairy in *The Sleeping Princess*, the Queen of the Wilis in *Giselle*, as well as the title role in the first act of this ballet; the Mazurka and *pas de deux* in *Les Sylphides*, the *pas de trois* in *Swan Lake*, the Chief Slave in *Prince Igor* and the roles of Temptress and Good Deeds in *Everyman.*

After five years of touring with the International, Joan decided that she had had enough. She left the company after their Oxford season last December. With her went Jack Spurgeon, for years a member of the same troupe. They are dancing together, billed in theatres as Joan Tucker and Jack Spurgeon —"Artistry in Dance". Their act consists of a *pas de deux Exhibition Waltz* to Sibelius's Valse Triste, followed by *Manhattan Serenade*, a solo for Joan while Jack changes costume for his solo *Nautical Nonsense* which he dances to a medley of traditional hornpipe music. For the finale, Joan dons a feminine version of a sailor suit and rejoins Jack in a routine, *Navy Blues* to the Teddy Bear's Picnic music.

BACK STAGE JAY

Opening night at the Regal Theatre, Southend-on-Sea, Joan thought her career as the distaff part of the team was over. In the middle of her solo the audience suddenly began muttering and giggling. When she left the stage, bewildered and tearful, she learned that the commotion was caused by a near-sighted actor, also on the programme. He had accidentally walked across the stage during her number.

On April 23, Joan and Jack are starting with the *Half-Past Eight Show* at the King's Theatre in Edinburgh. They will continue to tour with the show for thirty-two weeks.

Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

ON Thursday, March 16, *Lac des Cygnes* returned to the SADLER'S WELLS repertoire with Fonteyn and Somes in the leading roles. The reports of that performance were glowing. It was not until two nights later that we managed to see the ballet with the same cast as on the first night.

When a dancer such as Fonteyn has reached the highest pinacle, she is on a razor edge above all other dancers. One slip and her fall is greater than those who plod steadily along the lower and broader path. From another dancer it would have been a good performance but from her, in our heartless way, we expect perfection.

There were wonderful moments, of course; especially at the end of her variation in Act 12; at the beginning of the Black Swan *pas de deux* in Act 3 (nobody does better this three-sided conversation between Odile, Prince Siegfried Von Rotbart); and particularly in Act 4. But it did not add up to more than a very "grey" performance.

It may have been that Fonteyn was tired and it was certainly not helped by the fact that the new conductor, John Hollingsworth, had conducted ballet only twice before in his life; this was the first time that he had ever attempted this Tchaikovsky - Petipa classic. People may say that he should have been tried out on a second cast at a matinee, but it is far better to start with a dancer like Fonteyn who, with years of experience behind her, can always cover over and pick up on erratic *tempi*.

The evening had its compensations. Somes was excellent as that frequently cardboard-lover, Siegfried. How different on his "home ground" to when he played "away" a few weeks ago with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. One does not expect to get the greatest pleasure from one of the Swan leaders, but Pamela May almost made the evening worthwhile and justified De Valois' plan for putting her star dancers in minor roles.

On Friday, March 17, Violetta Elvin danced the principal role in *Lac des Cygnes* (for a detailed description of this remarkable performance see the Editorial, page 4) with John Field as Siegfried.

Balanchine's *Ballet Imperial* had its first performance on Wednesday, April 5, too late to be reviewed in this column though if possible we shall put in a stop press notice. In the June issue we shall publish several opinions of this important addition to the repertoire.

May 5 is now the date of the first performance of Roland Petit's *Ballabile* (pronounced ballar-billay).

Both Fonteyn and Helpmann were guest artistes to La Scala, Milan, in April. They are to remain in Italy for a month. When they return they will start on their provincial concert performances on Mondays and Tuesdays. Pamela May and Harold Turner will join them in this new venture.

At the time of writing the contract with New York City Ballet has not been signed so there is still the possibility that we shall not see them at Covent Garden this summer after all. If they don't come it will cause a great deal of disappointment to those who have looked forward with such interest to seeing this company with their collection of Balanchine works.

★

On Tuesday, March 28, Michael Somes' *Summer Interlude* had its first performance by the SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET (pictures and a full review of this work appear on page 13). This was the last of the new creations for the season and the company are to be congratulated on giving four works during the season that show understanding of the qualities and limitations of these young dancers.

Their repertoire is one of the most interesting of any company in this country and the addition of a Tudor work would make it the most representative of the best of English ballet. (Why not revive *Soirée Musicale*?) There is a disquieting rumour that *Carnaval* is going to be dropped and *Les Sylphides* retained. Fokine should be represented in every repertoire and this company give one of the best performances of the former but unfortunately the romanticism of the latter is beyond them. On two occasions recently (March 11 and April 1) these Sylphs have resembled a can-can of baby elephants, thus discrediting Fokine and the name of Sadler's Wells.

David Paltenghi with Mary Munroe, Margaret Hill in the background, in Howard's Fugitive, *during the Rambert German tour* (*Photo: Heidersberger*)

The rest of the programme on the night of the Somes' *premiere* consisted of *Casse Noisette* Act 3, *El Destino* and *Facade*. There is little that can be said of the former except that Stella Clair made that pseudo-oriental *danse de ventre*, *Danse Arabe*, more bearable than usual. David Blair danced his variation brilliantly in the *grand pas de deux*. The more one sees of this dancer the more unfortunate it is to think that he is about to be called-up. Dancers of his type are almost non-existent in this country; now he is to be lost to us for eighteen months.

Stanley Holden was the Dago in *Facade* and brought his own special type of interpretation to the role. He is the real *Palais de Danse* spiv of today, no longer a member of that almost extinct race so typical of the twenties and thirties—the Dago gigolo.

★

BALLET RAMBERT open at the Lyric, Hammersmith, on Tuesday, May 2, where they will remain for three weeks. On the first night Gore's *Winter Night* has its English *premiere*. This was first given at His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, in 1948. The music is Rachmaninoff's second piano concerto and the setting and costumes are by the young Australian designer, Kenneth Rowell.

Immediately after the Lyric season the company go to Paris where they open at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre. They are taking no classics with them and will revive Howard's *Sailor's Return* with Sally Gilmour again in the role of Tulip the coloured girl. It is good to think that again we shall see Gilmour, and also this ballet which only had a few performances at the Sadler's Wells Theatre in 1947.

★

On Monday, March 29, the MARKOVA-DOLIN tour opened at the vast Davis Theatre, Croydon. Julian Braunsweg has assembled a supporting company, mainly of dancers from Grace Cone's school that make a worthy setting for these two stars.

The way to approach ballet of this kind is to look at it in the light of what it is intended to be. No use to try and see it through sophisticated West End eyes. It is not intended for the same people who rave over the Wells or a visiting French company. It is designed for a provincial audience who wish to see two dancers whose names they have heard most of their lives.

They expect to see a great ballerina being just what she is, with a male dancer supporting her with a certain amount of *bravura* on his part. As they cannot be dancing solidly for the entire evening the gaps should be filled as pleasantly as possible.

Braunsweg, Dolin and Markova know the audience they are playing to, so the mixture must be just right.

A "white" ballet is most right and usual to start a programme; so they give either *Les Sylphides*, *Chopiniana* or the second act of *Lac des Cygnes*. All of which use the two principal dancers and the *corps de ballet*. Markova is the only dancer today who seems to conform to Fokine's original conception of *Les Sylphides*. Her lightness and ethereal quality make her just right. Like Karsavina she dances *Prelude* instead of the *Mazurka*, the dance usually given by the first ballerina.

The two of them give a number of *pas de deux*, including *Don Quixote*, *Casse Noisette* (both the last act and the Snowflakes scene), *Italian Suite* (to music by Cimarosa), *Blue Mountain Ballads* (poems by Tennessee Williams to Paul Bowles music) and a mime, *Mr. Puppet*. Each one of these shows their many-sided genius.

Alone Markova dances *The Dying Swan* and *Autumn Song*, the former to the memory of Pavlova. It is as though the immortal dancer were back with us, as the resemblance is quite uncanny. Dolin dances *Bolero*, *Hymn to the Sun* and *Vestris*.

The *corps de ballet* have a number of works on their own. *Tarantella*, a Rossini romp by Grace Cone, is a gay and light-hearted affair about girls and fisher boys in an Italian village which makes a very good introduction to the *Italian Suite*. This type of ballet fits well into a programme of this sort and is just the ballet that should have been used in the Empire programme.

Every programme these days seems to include something Spanish and this is no exception, it has two works by Ana Ricarda. *Rondalla Aragonesa* was in the repertoire for the last tour. The new work *Fiesta* has music by Mariani and costumes by Celia Hubbard. The simple sorty of a flirtatious flower-seller in the streets of Seville makes a charming light work. The young South African dancer Louis Godfrey is excellent as Antonio the young flower-seller. His footwork is remarkable in the exciting *Zapateado* and as soon as he learns to use his head and shoulders he will break down all our prejudices about non-Spaniards dancing Spanish dances. The rest of the company dance with sincerity and conviction. Ana Ricarda is to be congratulated on teaching them so well in just under two weeks.

Personally we would be glad to brave the rigours of worse journeys than that to East Croydon, to see so much style as we saw in this week.

★

Markova and Dolin will give six performances at the Royal Albert Hall starting on June 26. Oliver Messel is designing a permanent setting. They are to give the *Firebird pas de deux*, and also that from *Les Biches*. Ashton is re-creating *La Peri* which he originally made for Markova in the early days of Ballet Rambert; Markova will also dance *Le Rissignol*. They are giving a number of *soli* and *pas de deux* which should be of the greatest interest to the younger generation who never saw the Diaghilev company and to those who would like to revive the glories they remembered.

It is possible that they will enlarge the present company for a twelve weeks' season at the Stoll Theatre in the autumn. Guest artists will be engaged each month; *Petrouchka* and *Gaîeté Parisienne* will be revived. The new creations will include a new work by Aurel Miloss and a Taglioni ballet by Julian Algo, of the Swedish Ballet.

★

After their very successful week at the Dolphin Theatre, Brighton, AMBASSADOR BALLET are to go on a continental tour The countries to be visited are Spain and Italy, and France. Leaving on May 15 they will be away for about four months. The repertoire will consist of *The Door*, *Images*, *Drawn Blinds*, *Dawns Mêns*, *Down Beat*, *Stagione*, a new work by Anthony Burke called *Symphony for Fun*, a new work by Frances James to Brahms waltzes. Beriosov is to mount the classical *pas de deux* including *Don Quixote*, *Bluebird*, *Raymonda* and *Giselle*.

★

During their six week season at the London Coliseum, INTERNATIONAL BALLET will give two works that Londoners have not seen in their repertoire before. The first Julian Algo's *Visions* which was first given in this country when the company were at Oxford in the autumn. Massine is to re-mount *Gaîté Parisienne* (Offenbach music), which has not been seen in this country since the war except for a very bad film and a potted version in the play *Bullet in the Ballet*.

After the London season the company will probably go to Paris where they will appear at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre.

★

The DONNA ROMA BALLET open their summer tour on May 29 at Kirkstall Abbey, Leeds. The company consists of twenty-five dancers headed by Donna Roma and Clavis Lorraine. Their repertoire consists of—The Arabian Dances from *Shéhérazade* (music Rimsky-Korsakov); *Ballet of the Butterflies* (music, Gounod); Scenes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (music, Mendelssohn). The new creations include *Pastoral Symphony* (music, Beethoven); *Petit Suite de Concert* (music, Coleridge-Taylor). All ballets are the creation of Donna Roma.

★

On Monday, April 3, members of the Paris Opera appeared on TELEVISION. The dancers included Lifar, Vyroubova, Clavier, Lafon, Daydé, Bozzoni, Lemoine. Lifar and Clavier opened the programme with *Entre deux Rondes*, a work very like Metropolitan's *Lover's Gallery*. A statue and a Degas picture come to life between the nightwatchman's round. The only thing to be said for this unimportant work was that it revealed the fantastic technique of Clavier and we can now realise why Lifar took her straight out of the *corps de ballet* (an incident that caused a lot of ill blood in the company at the time). This was followed by an *Étude Choreographique* for Lafon and Bozzoni, to Schumann music. The third ballet, *Passion*, was for Daydé and two men to the first movement of the César Franck symphony. The less said about these two works the bettet, they appeared to have little regard for either the music or the pleasure of the audience. We find it hard to understand why such a great artist as Lifar could perpetrate such horrors. But even in these, the extraordinary quality of the dancers was revealed. To end the programme Vyroubova danced *La Mort du Cygne* with Lifar. It is always a pleasure to see Vyroubova, she is one of the few dancers of the younger generation with true ballerina quality. Not ideally suited to this *pas de deux*, originally created for Slavenska in the film *La Mort du Cygne* and always associated with Chauviré, she brings a new interpretation that continues to make it moving. The swan that Fokine created for Pavlova was lyrical and poetic, Lifar's swan is angular and realistic. Vyroubova would be more at home with the former. As the Huntsman who shoots the swan, Lifar was excellent. The B.B.C. are to be congratulated on bringing over so many foreign artists; if we cannot see them in our theatres, then the tiny dimensions of the television screen are better than nothing at all.

On Monday, May 1, *St. Agnes Eve* will be seen on television. This is the second big work that Celia Franca has been asked to create specially for this medium. Her first work, *Salome*, was given in December last year with great success.

St. Agnes Eve has a new score by John Lanchbery (musical director of the late Metropolitan Ballet); setting and costumes by Stephen Bundy; and production by Christian Simpson. The cast includes Svetlana Beriosova, Domini Callaghan, Maria Balinska, Margaret Madison, John Byron, Michel de Lutry, Nicholas Beriosov, David Davenport, Jack Carter, Terry Hawarth, Michael Holmes and Seamus Gordon. The story closely follows the poem by Keats.

★

On Friday, April 14, the FACULTY OF EASTERN FINE ARTS (known as F.E.F.A.) gave a programme of dances, music, and poetry from India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Indonesia, China and Egypt.

The idea of this evening was to present the East to the West. There were very few occidentals in the audience so it really amounted to the East presenting itself to itself. The great fault with most entertainments of this kind is that they go on too long; the companies of Uday Shankar and Ram Gopal succeed for they know just how much an occidental can take. It was most interesting to hear solos on the Sitar, Chinese Harp, Tabla (drums), and Sarod, but they all went on far too long. Among the dance items the best were Nalani doing a dance with two plates, making an offering to the Lord Shiva; and N. Paullick-pulle's Kandyan dance. It was rather difficult to concentrate on the stage as babies were crying, flash bulbs were exploding (and I mean exploding), dresses were falling off, the wrong records were put on, the lighting and the curtain were most erratic and on top of it all there appeared to be somebody hammering incessantly in the gallery. It may seem churlish to comment on such mishaps but it is unfortunate that so much talent could not be seen to greater advantage. F.E.F.A. can do a real service to the orient if they promote better understanding between the two halves of the world and it is to be hoped that future programmes will be given that are shorter, slicker and more explanatory.

★

CROWN FILM UNIT are to make a ballet film for the Wool Board with choreography by Harold Turner, music by Alan Rawsthorne, and costumes by Norman Hartnell. At the moment it is not certain who the dancers are to be but it is certain that Hermione Harvey (Metropolitan and Ambassador Ballet) and Frances Pigeon (St. James Ballet) are in the cast.

★

STOP PRESS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET have now signed with Covent Garden. They open on July 10 and will remain for six weeks.

The FONTEYN-HELPMANN tour starts on June 2 at Tunbridge Wells. On June 5 and 6, they are at Wolverhampton. June 12 and 14 at Manchester. Further dates to be announced later. Also in the company are Pamela May, June Brae and Harold Turner. The New London Orchestra will be conducted by Alec Sherman.

Dance and Dancers . . . . ABROAD

FRANCE

DURING the musicians' strike at the PARIS OPERA, Serge Lifar gave a series of recitals with members of the Opera Company. These consisted of a number of his most recent works. There will be no new creations for the moment. The production of the long-awaited *Phèdre* has been postponed. The company are to appear at the Florence Festival in May. They may go on to Portugal.

★

LES BALLETS des CHAMPS-ELYSÉES have signed up for a long tour of Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and the U.S.A. They will be away for at least one year. Babilée and Phillipart will return to Paris by air between each season. Hélène Constantine, Christian Foye, Youra Loboff, Jean Blanchard, Danielle Darmance, and Teddy Rodolphe have left the company. Derek Mendel has leave of absence to appear in a new arrangement of *Le Tricorne* to be given at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre by the new company formed by Teresa and Luisillo. He will dance the role of the Corregidor and has been rehearsing in Madrid.

★

Roland Petit's BALLETS de PARIS back from a triumphant tour of America, is preparing for his Paris season at the Marigny which starts about May 10. The season will open with a programme consisting of *Carmen*, *Oeuf a la Coque* and *Les Demoiselles de la Nuit* to be given every night for three weeks. For the remainder of the season, which lasts until the early part of September, the company will do *La Croqueuse de Diamants* (The Diamond Cruncher) an original story to be choreographed by Roland Petit for which he has also written music and songs. The dance music has been composed by Jean Michel Damase, twenty-two year old concert pianist and composer, who last year won the *Prix de Rome*. The lyrics and dialogue are by Raymond Queneau, existentialist writer. The décor is by André Beaurepaire and the costumes by Christian Dior.

The story is about a celebrated Croqueuse (diamond thief, Renée Jeanmaire) and her band of seven thieves; it revolves around the theft of a diamond necklace belonging to a musical-hall star, Madame Caprice (Colette Marchand), which, it develops, is only paste. The two principal male roles will be sung and danced by Roland Petit and Gordon Hamilton. In this unique work, which will run for one and a half hours, all the dancers will sing.

The company will have three weeks vacation at the end of the Paris season, after which they will start on a tour of America, starting in San Francisco. The tour will last a year and will work its way east to New York where an English version of *La Croqueuse* will be premiéred. London may possibly see the company during Christmas, 1951.

Petit has acquired five new dancers in America. They are: Jack Klaus (American) and Roland Lorrain (Canadian), both alumnae of Col. de Basil's company, Daniel Sellier, Robert Roland and his wife Dorothy Lee.

★

Ruth Page will start a season with her company, LES BALLETS AMERICAINS, at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées on about May 6. The other dancers include José Limon and Helen Komarova. The programme will include Ruth Page's *The Bells*, *Frankie and Johnny* and Limon's *La Malinche*.

★

ROSARIO and ANTONIO opened the long series of dancers and ballet companies which will appear at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre. During the season it will be possible to see Martha Graham, Ballet Rambert, International Ballet and the Teresa and Luisillo company.

★

HÉLÈNE CONSTANTINE former ballerina of Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées, is rehearsing for a gala performance in Paris. The company consisting of five dancers will include Leslie Caron. Choreography will be by Boris Kniaseff, who will create three ballets for the occasion.

Miss Constantine will probably do a ballet for Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées. Henri Contet, French poet, has written the scenario based on an original idea of Miss Constantine's. It is hoped that Sauget will compose the music.

★

JANINE CHARRAT, in spite of her contract with the Marquis de Cuevas, has choreographed a new work for the Berlin State Theatre. This was called *The Blue Butterfly* to music specially composed by Werner Egk. It is not the first time that this composer worked with her; he was responsible for the music for her *Abraxes*, created several years ago. *Abraxes* will be seen in Paris together with two other new works by the same choreographer and composer at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées in the spring. Charrat is now dancing with the de Cuevas company in Monte Carlo, and it is probable she will create a ballet written by Princess Bibesco (a friend of Marcel Proust), based on the fable by La Fontaine, *The Bird Wounded by an Arrow*. The work is dedicated to the memory of Christian Bérard. Charrat is also dancing *Giselle*, *Les Sylphides* and the *Snowflake pas de deux*, which Volinine arranged for Pavlova. Later she is due to create a ballet at the theatre at Jarot, many thousands of feet up in the Swiss mountains. The ballet is to be called *The Star's Course*.

★

GENE KELLY will arrive in Paris shortly to begin work on the film *American in Paris*. Leslie Caron, the "Sphinx," is being considered as a dancing partner for Kelly.

U. S. A.

BALLET THEATRE opened at the Centre Theatre, Radio City, on April 23. The new works for the season include John Taras' *Designs with Strings* (first given by Metropolitan Ballet and later by the De Cuevas company) and Herbert Ross' *Caprichos* to Bela Bartok's music (first presented by Choreographer's Workshop). After the New York season the company start on a long European tour and they will visit Edinburgh, Venice, Paris, and possibly London.

BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO opened their season at the Metropolitan Opera House, on Sunday, April 9. The opening programme consisted of *Giselle* with Chauviré and Franklin, *Modronos* and *Graduation Ball* with Danilova. The new productions for the season include two works by Lifar, *Romeo and Juliet* and *La Mort du Cygne*, both for Chauviré. Also a revival of Fokine's *Prince Igor* and *Les Elfes*. It is possible that Chauviré will dance in *Swan Lake* Act II, *Casse Noisette* and *Coppelia*. The rest of the repertoire includes *Les Sylphides*, *Gaite Parisienne*, *The Mute Wife*, *Schéhérazade*, *Paquita*, *Raymonda* (Act III), *Ballet Imperial*, *Birthday*, *Le Beau Danube*.

José Greco who was born in Italy, joined the company of Argentinita. After her death he came to Spain with her ashes. Danced for some time in the company of her sister Pilar Lopez. Later he formed his own company
(Photo: Campua)

★

KATHERINE DUNHAM, her singers, dancers and musicians opened at the Broadway Theatre on April 19. Later they will tour South America.

The moment of the arrival of the Royal party for the State Gala in honour of the French President and Madame Auriol at Covent Garden on Wednesday, March 8. The Royal Box was designed by Oliver Messel *(Photo: P.A.—Reuters.)*

Ballet Dates

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

MAY
1 *Lac des Cygnes* (Grey Field).
2 *Lac des Cygnes* (Act II), *Rake's Progress, Ballet Imperial.*
5 Gala Performance in aid of Sadler's Wells Benevolent Fund. *Patineurs, Balabille* (First Performance), *Ballet Imperial.*
6 (Matinee). *Les Sylphides, Balabille, Ballet Imperial.*
8 *Les Sylphides, Balabille* and *Boutique Fantasque.*
10 *Patineurs, Balabille, Checkmate.*
12 *Patineurs, Don Quixote, Ballet Imperial* (return of Fonteyn).
13 (Matinee). *Lac des Cygnes* (Act II), *Balabille, Patineurs.*
16 *Lac des Cygnes* (Fonteyn, Somes).
17 *Checkmate, Symphonic Variations, Don Quixote.*
19 *Les Sylphides, Don Quixote, Ballet Imperial.*
20 (Matinee). *Patineurs, Giselle* (Shearer, Somes).
20 (Evening). *Balabille, Giselle* (Fonteyn, Helpmann).
23 *Balabille, Giselle* (Fonteyn, Helpmann)
25 *Les Sylphides, Tricorne, Ballet Imperial.*
27 (Matinee, 2 p.m.). *Lac des Cygnes* (Fonteyn, Somes).
30 *Ballet Imperial, Tricorne, Miracle in the Gorbals.*

JUNE
1 *Giselle* (Shearer, Somes), *Tricorne.*
2 *Lac des Cygnes* (Grey Field).
3 (Matinee, 2 p.m.). *Lac des Cygnes* (Elvin, Field).

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET at SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE

APRIL
29 (Matinee). *Les Sylphides, Haunted Ballroom, Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, Capriol Suite.*

MAY
6 (Matinee). *Summer Interlude, Fetes Etranges, Beauty and the Beast, Casse Noisette* (Act II).
9 *Summer Interlude* with the opera *Hugh the Drover.*
13 (Matinee). *Lac des Cygnes* (Act II), *Sea Change, Bluebird, Facade.*
15 Gala Performance in aid of the Vic-Wells Benevolent Fund and the Lilian Bayliss Trust. Many dancers associated with the Sadler's Wells Theatre in the past will take part.
17 *Summer Interlude* with the opera *Hugh the Drover.*
20 (Matinee). *Casse Noisette* (Act II), *Beauty and the Beast, Bluebird, Summer Interlude, El Destino.*
20 (Evening). *Summer Interlude* with the opera *Hugh the Drover.*

BALLET RAMBERT at LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH

MAY
2 *Plaisance, Judgment of Paris, Winter Night* (European premiere) Gala Performance.
3 *Plaisance, Lady into Fox, Jardin aux Lilas,* Gala Performance.
4 (Matinee and Evening). Same as May 3.
5 *Plaisance, Winter Night, Czernyana* and *Bar aux Folies Bergere.*
6 (Matinee and Evening). Same as May 5.
8 *Planets, Les Masques, Simple Symphony, Antonia.*
9 Same as May 8.
10 *Kaleidoscope, Planets, Lady into Fox, Bar aux Folies Bergere.*
11 (Matinee and Evening). Same as May 10.
12 *Planets, Judgment of Paris, Antonia, Simple Symphony.*
13 (Matinee and Evening). Same as May 12.
15 *Kaleidoscope, Dark Elegies, Les Masques, Bar aux Folies Bergere.*
16 Same as May 15.
17 *Jardin aux Lilas, Les Masques, Winter Night, Peter and the Wolf.*
18 Same as May 17.
19 *Planets, Peter and the Wolf, Judgment of Paris, Winter Night.*
20 Same as May 19.

INTERNATIONAL BALLET at the COLISEUM, LONDON

MAY
4 *Swan Lake.*
5 *Swan Lake.*
6 (Matinee and Evening). *Coppelia.*
8 *Coppelia.*
9 *Sleeping Princess.*
10 (Mat. and Evening). *Sleeping Princess.*
11 *Visions* (First Performance in London), *Les Sylphides, Everyman.*
12 *Swan Lake.*
13 (Matinee and Evening). *Swan Lake.*
15 *Sleeping Princess.*
16 *Sleeping Princess.*
17 (Matinee and Evening). *Coppelia.*
18 *Visions, Swan Lake* (Act I), *Everyman.*
19 *Swan Lake.*
20 (Matinee and Evening). *Sleeping Princess.*
22 *Coppelia.*
23 *Visions, Everyman, Gaite Parisienne* (First Performance).
24 (Matinee and Evening). *Swan Lake.*
25 *Les Sylphides, Gaite Parisienne, Everyman.*
26 *Coppelia.*
27 (Matinee). *Coppelia.*
27 (Evening). *Visions, Carnaval, Les Sylphides, Gaite Parisienne.*

BALLET MUSIC AT CONCERTS

LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

MAY
2 (Town Hall, Watford): Music from the Ballet—*Swan Lake*; *Dance of the Blessed Spirits* from *Orfeo* (Gluck); *Coppelia* (Delibes); Ballet music from *The Perfect Fool* (Holst); Ballet music from *Faust* (Gounod); *Dance of the Hours* from *La Gioconda* (Ponchielli); Ballet music from *Le Cid* (Massenet). Conductor, Basil Cameron.
4 (Royal Albert Hall): Programme includes Ballet music from *The Perfect Fool* (Holst) and *La Valse* (Ravel). Conductor, Eduard van Beinum.
18 (Royal Albert Hall): Programme includes *Prelude a l'Apres-Midi d'un Faune* (Debussy).

JUNE
1 (Royal Albert Hall): Programme includes *Symphony No. 5 in E minor* (Music to *Les Presages*) (Tschaikovsky). Conductor, Serge Koussevitzky.
8 (Royal Albert Hall): *Symphony No. 4 in E minor* (Music to *Choreartium*) (Brahms). Conductor, Serge Koussevitzky.

We regret that Speak-Up and Clubs had to be omitted this month. In our June issue we will have a full page of Club news and will also publish some of the numerous letters with readers' comments.

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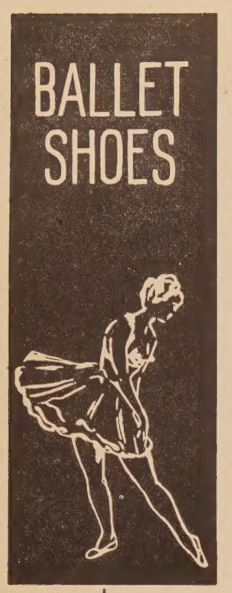

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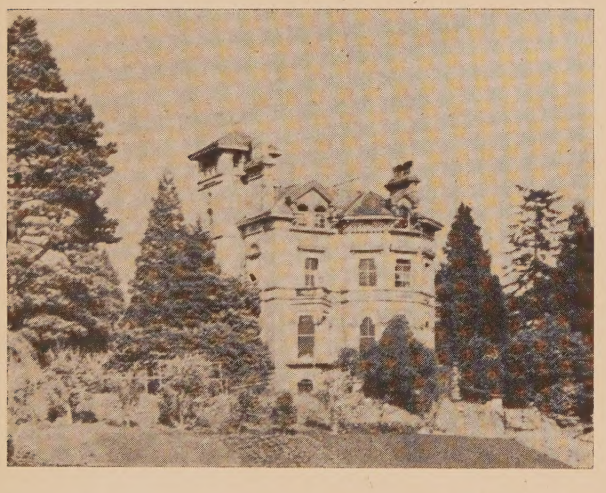

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